

Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Vol. 4

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CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

The Lord hath given Him power and honor and a kingdom; and all peoples, tribes and tongues shall serve Him. The nation and kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish; the nations shall be laid waste as a desert.

From Lauds of the Festival of Christ the King.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

55 E. TENTH STREET

ST. PAUL
MINNESOTA



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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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Catholic Digest

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Crushed Catholics

Embraced by the Russian bear

By CAPT. FRANCIS McCULLAGH

Condensed from the *Tablet**

Stalin's seizure of the Baltic states has excited singularly little comment in America and Great Britain, where Hitler's invasions have provoked such indignation. Why this difference in our treatment of those two gangsters, of whom Stalin is much the more cunning and dangerous? One reason may be that Stalin did not unloose a *Blitzkrieg* on Lithuania, Latvia and Esthonia, but had they offered any resistance, he would have treated them as he treated Finland.

The only signs of disapproval in England and America were the "freezing" of Baltic gold in both those countries, and in the U. S. a few words of condemnation by Mr. Sumner Welles, but in the series of heart-to-heart conversations which began soon afterwards between Mr. Welles and M. Oumansky, the Soviet ambassador, no mention seems to have been made of the Baltic

states, for on Aug. 7 the acting secretary of state expressed his "deep gratification" over the renewal of the Russo-American trade agreement, and Washington correspondents report a great improvement in Russo-American relations. In other words, Stalin has got away with it again, while Hitler will never be forgiven even if he disgorges all his plunder and eliminates himself.

Lithuania, Latvia and Esthonia are inhabited by races entirely different from Russian and from one another. The Esthonians belong to the Finnish race and speak a Finnish dialect. The Latvians are another race altogether, and speak another language. Most of the Esthonians and Latvians are Lutherans because, at the Reformation, all communication between Rome and those two Baltic states was blocked by the Prussians, but about a fourth of the population of Latvia is Catholic, and a

*1 Hanson Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y. Aug. 24, 1940.

smaller proportion of Estonians are Catholic. Catholicism made great progress in those two countries after they became independent. Previous to that, Czarist Russia was a great obstacle to Catholic missionary work, but red Russia is now a far greater obstacle. Under a Catholic minister of foreign affairs, Latvia concluded a concordat with the Holy See through its representative, Bishop O'Rourke, and as a result the Latvian government persuaded the Lutherans to give the Catholics one of the Lutheran churches which had originally been Catholic. (Bishop O'Rourke, afterwards apostolic administrator in Danzig, is a descendant of an Irish soldier who left Ireland in the 18th century and entered the service of Peter the Great, who made him a general.)

Lithuania is interesting to ethnologists and philologists. Its people belong to one of the oldest races of Europe and speak a language which is closely akin to Sanskrit. When I lived in Kaunas the minister of foreign affairs was a priest, and when I lived in Italy, at the beginning of the present war, the Holy Father paid a remarkable compliment to little Lithuania while receiving the first official visit of a Lithuanian minister accredited to his government.

"You Lithuanians," said the Holy Father in effect, "are brave soldiers in the post of greatest danger: you garrison the northeast bastion of the Church in Europe."

When Lithuanian Catholics leave their own country, they always bring their religion with them so that in the U. S., where they number 800,000, they have 180 churches. Those churches are not distinguished, however, by any peculiarity of rite, for the Lithuanians follow the Latin rite and are absorbed rapidly in the general Catholic body here. Their religious future is therefore assured, but the Church faces in Lithuania a disaster far greater in its way than the material disaster which has overwhelmed France: in short, the loss of a whole nation. All the Catholic chaplains have already been dismissed from the Lithuanian army. All ministers of religion will be exiled or imprisoned, and all churches will be pulled down or devoted to secular purposes: some of them may even be converted into anti-religious museums, like the Catholic Church of St. Catherine on the former Nevsky Prospekt in Leningrad.

The present rulers of Russia are neither Russians nor Christians: they are a gang of godless cosmopolitans inspired by an intense hatred of Christianity. Although Polish refugees do not like the Germans, they admit that in the Polish provinces occupied by them, Catholics are treated with a tolerance quite unknown in the provinces occupied by the reds. In Warsaw, for example, two new seminaries accommodating 710 ecclesiastical students have just been opened by Hans Frank,

the German governor. In Russian Poland, on the contrary, all the seminaries are being confiscated.

The fate of the Baltic states and of Russian Poland is much worse than that of the nations which Hitler has overrun, because there is no hope of resurrection for them. England has repeatedly declared that she will continue the fight till all the territories now occupied by the Germans are restored to their rightful owners, but her most responsible ministers have said nothing about the territories annexed by the Russians.

Having lived both among the Nazis in Germany and the Bolsheviks in Russia, I can testify from personal experience that the Bolsheviks are the more dangerous of the two. Although Hitler is a persecutor of the Church, Stalin is a worse one. At the Hedwigkirche, the Catholic cathedral in Berlin, Mass is said as frequently as in St. Patrick's, New York; but in Leningrad not a single Catholic church remains, and not a single Catholic priest, save such as are in jail. In Germany the annual conference of the Catholic hierarchy which was opened at Fulda on the feast of the Assumption this year, was larger than ever before in German history owing to the fact that for the first time the Austrian bishops attended. Among them was Cardinal Innitzer, who had been grossly insulted on several occasions by the Nazis but never imprisoned and condemned to death like

Archbishop Cieplak, the head of the Catholic Church in Russia.

I am not trying to whitewash Hitler. A fallen-away Catholic like Napoleon, he is, like Napoleon, doing great harm to the Church without ever having done it any good as the First Consul did; but Stalin is as harmful to all the Christian churches in Russia as Nero was to the early Christian Church in Rome.

From the political point of view, Naziism is a much smaller danger than Bolshevism inasmuch as it holds the German to be the dominant race of the world, whereas Bolshevism preaches the class war. The Nazi theory is not contagious because there are other races in the world besides the Teuton, none of them inclined to fall down and worship the Fuehrer. Hitler's naive and insolent assumption of superiority will infallibly end by antagonizing all nations, even the Italians, and there will probably break out a series of revolts with which the reigning Fuehrer will be unable to cope, as Napoleon was unable to cope with the general insurrection against him in 1813 and 1814. A thousand instances of this kind can be found in history. The Nazi empire is a raid, not a permanent conquest, and future historians will probably be surprised at our simplicity in ranking it as a greater danger to civilization than Communism. Communism is extremely contagious because it appeals to the oppressed and embittered.

tered classes of all races; and is such a horrible caricature of Christianity that one is sometimes inclined to suspect the red leader of being Antichrist himself.

Comrade Djughashvili (to give Stalin his right name) claims no superiority for the Muscovite, and is not a Muscovite himself. The crew he commands in the Kremlin is as international as any that ever sailed under the Jolly Roger in the days of the buccaneers, and probably not a single member of that crew, save Molotov, is sailing under his right name. Stalin's appeal to the "downtrodden and the oppressed" of all races may therefore be successful, for he has shown diabolical cleverness in the present conflict and has been helped enormously by the blindness of the British government. During less than a year he has quietly added 23 million people to the Soviet population and 193 million square miles to Soviet territory, and nobody has yet ventured to suggest that he be forced to drop any of this loot. His great opportunity will probably come at the end of the war when Europe will have been converted into an ideal field for Communist activity, filled as it probably will be with an impoverished, starved and embittered proletariat crowded together under the tottering walls of ruined cities.

America then will have more to fear from Bolshevist propaganda than from Nazi tanks, and now is the time for her to prepare her defenses against that

ideological onslaught by starting a vigorous campaign against poverty and social injustice, for without a social and spiritual regeneration, the gigantic preparations which are being made to meet external aggression may simply place weapons in the hands of an internal enemy.

Two years ago, Hitler hated Stalin more than he now hates Mr. Churchill, and the great dream of his life was to carve a huge slice out of the Ukraine and colonize it with Germans. Had he been encouraged by England to realize this dream, his mechanized army would probably have smashed up Russia. It is highly probable that Mr. Chamberlain would have adopted that policy if he had been let alone, but unfortunately he was forced, after Munich, to take a different line, a line of which his better judgment disapproved, and which led him straight into the present appalling war.

Who forced him? Labor, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Duff Cooper, Mr. Hore-Belisha, a growing section of his own Conservative party both in Parliament and in the country. It is true that he got rid of Mr. Duff Cooper and Mr. Hore-Belisha, but despite that riddance, the discontent with Mr. Chamberlain's policy continued to spread. British imperialists were jealous of Hitler's dazzling successes, and inclined to think that an ultimatum would bring him to his knees. There was a good deal of bluff in England's stand on the subject

of Danzig before she declared war.

Labor occupied a curious position in Parliament before the war. Although in opposition, and very much in the minority, and very weak in leadership, it worried Mr. Chamberlain a good deal by its continual heckling, especially during the Spanish Civil War. Its program had the merits of being simple and of appealing to the British love of meddling in other people's affairs all over the world, but the disadvantages of being utterly impracticable and entirely inconsistent with Labor's repeated denunciation of conscription and militarism.

Mr. Churchill has qualities which make him a great journalist, but he also has defects which make him a bad statesman. Such was the opinion of Mr. Asquith who dropped him from his cabinet after his absurd performances with his naval brigade at Antwerp. Having been personally concerned as a military officer in two of his major miscalculations during the last war, I speak with some inside knowledge. His worst defects are fickleness and bad judgment. In 1914, when he was first lord of the admiralty and a good Liberal, he hated Ulster so much for its opposition to Irish Home Rule that he sent British war vessels to Belfast Lough to overawe the Orangemen. In 1940 he dotes on Ulster and hates the rest of Ireland so much that he would have already sent British war vessels to seize the forts at Speke Island,

Bantry Bay and Lough Swilly, were it not for Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Eden, who pointed out the bad effect that action would have in America.

He seems to drift more and more to the Left, judging, among other things, by the fact that he has several times held up the besieged reds of Barcelona and Madrid to the admiration of Parliament as models of stubborn bravery, and has never once referred to the heroes of the Alcazar of Toledo. I should not be surprised if he finally goes red himself, or pretends to go red, for he has been in every other party save the Labor party. But his affection for Russia only arouses suspicion among the hard-bitten gang of criminals in the Kremlin, and at the same time spoils his pose as a Christian crusader.

The British press takes, of course, the same line on Russia as the premier, for the first casualty of the war was the freedom of the press. When Finland blocked the Russian advance, there seemed to emanate from the newspapers a flicker of the old British obstinacy and individualism, but it was a deceptive flicker produced by a government which was wondering if, under the pretext of aiding a small nation rightly struggling to be free, it could not manage to make a flank attack on Germany. Now that this possibility is out of the question owing to the German conquest of Norway, the finishing off of Finland will probably excite as

little attention in the British press as the recent liquidation of Lithuania.

Conservatives who used to rebuke Mr. Atlee for his intemperate language about Hitler now use worse language themselves about the same individual. One conservative member, Captain Ramsay, who was a great admirer of General Franco, is at present in jail. Most of the Conservatives have become government "yes men," silent in public though in private they sometimes tell their old friend, Mr. Churchill, what they think of him.

Although this drift towards the Left is a pretense, so far as Mr. Churchill and the Conservatives are concerned, it may be difficult to correct afterwards owing to the probability that this war will kill Conservatism as the last war killed Liberalism, so that when peace comes and the impenetrable smoke screen of governmental propaganda lifts, Great Britain will find herself as much a totalitarian state as Germany. The oligarchical and aristocratic system under which she built up her empire will have disappeared. The powerful middle class will have been crushed out of existence by taxation. Individualism will be gone. Bureaucracy will be triumphant. An omnipotent superstate will interfere in every department of private life from the weaning of infants to the painless elimination of the aged. The Church of England will be disestablished, for the sake of its endowments. Instead of taking a part of the

Englishman's income, the government will take all of it, giving in exchange ration cards entitling recipients to standardized meals in communal eating houses, standardized clothing, and other necessities of life.

The drift towards the Left is due to the hysterical fear of Naziism which has swept the countries which call themselves democratic, though they are growing less democratic every day. That drift is even noticeable here in the U. S. where high personages patronize Communist youth organizations, while avoiding Nazi youth organizations as they would the plague. What's wrong with Christian youth organizations?

The powerful American newspaper which is fighting the battle of England in this country fought the battle for the recognition of Russia; and the Moscow correspondence which it published during that battle gave, on the whole, a too-favorable picture of the red regime: it omitted, for example, any account of the Cieplak trial.

In this welter of confusion throughout the world, the only place where one can find calm and charity is in the Catholic Church. The utterances of the Supreme Pontiff on the war have invariably been characterized by perfect impartiality and deep sympathy with the oppressed. In all of them His Holiness prays for peace with justice. In America the statements of the hierarchy have been characterized by the sanity, wisdom and moderation which distin-

guished episcopal statements when the prohibition folly was being planned by hysterical enthusiasts. In abbeys, monasteries, convents and other religious houses throughout the U. S., Americans of German birth or descent

work peacefully with Americans of British, Irish and French origin. All of them are patriotic Americans, anxious to assist their common country, but mindful of the obligation to love one another.



Busy Day

Huge lists of war casualties are inclined to make people lose their sense of proportion. There seems to be little difference between 5,000 and 10,000 dead. But each single item represents the consummation of a human existence. The *Catholic Times* of South Africa carries a note that emphasizes the point: "A lot depends upon the application of the sense of proportion. 'A dashed quiet day today—only one casualty,' remarked a subaltern at the regimental mess table one evening during a minor campaign in Burma. 'No doubt,' agreed a senior officer, 'but it was a pretty busy day for the man who was killed.'"

The Cross (July '40).



War Maps

I have been watching the war map slammed up for advertising in front of the newspaper office.

Buttons—red and yellow buttons—blue and black buttons—are shoved back and forth across the map.

A laughing young man, sunny with freckles,

Climbs a ladder, yells a joke to somebody in the crowd,

And then fixes a yellow button one inch west

And follows the yellow button with a black button one inch west.

(Ten thousand men and boys twist on their bodies in a red soak along a river edge,

Gasping of wounds, calling for water, some rattling death in their throats.)

Who would guess what it cost to move two buttons one inch on the war map here in front of the newspaper office where the freckle-faced young man is laughing to us?

Carl Sandburg quoted in the *Sign* (July '40).

A Professor in Politics

By W. P. MacDONAGH, S.J.

Hercules at labor

Condensed from the *Irish Monthly**

Portugal is a small nation with a great history. Its area is only 35,500 square miles and its population 6,200,000. Its earlier history is marked by achievements which equal the highest points of culture in any other country. But this period of brilliance was succeeded by a relapse into mediocrity, and for four centuries the nation rapidly deteriorated. Her once great commerce decayed, her industries disappeared, even agriculture fell so low that most of her food had to be imported. Social organization fell to pieces, while turbulent factions converted the whole country into a field of strife.

In 1908 King Carlos I and the crown prince were brutally assassinated in the streets of Lisbon, an act which did much to discredit Portugal in the eyes of the world. The assassination destroyed whatever power remained to the crown, and when King Manoel came to the throne he was unable even to punish his father's murderers. The country was now in the hands of the professional politicians. But even they were powerless to rule. Their inability to form a common policy discredited them and accelerated the development of republicanism. The murder of a prominent republican leader, Dr. Bombarda, in 1910, precipitated things, and

on Oct. 14 revolution broke out. After a short and fruitless struggle King Manoel fled to England and almost immediately a full-blown liberal parliamentary republic was set up, and a constitution closely modeled on the French adopted. Portugal had become a democracy; a new page in her history was opened. But, bad as the past had been, the next 16 years of liberal government were to be infinitely worse. One word sums them up, chaos.

During this period there were eight presidents of the republic, one of whom served his full term of office and one of whom, Sidonio Pais, was assassinated in 1917, and 43 different governments, an average of more than two a year; actually there were nine during 1920. There were eight rebellions, and political assassinations were normal. From 1920-25 there were 325 bombs exploded in the streets of Lisbon alone.

It was the army which put an end to the muddle. Itself accustomed to order and discipline, it could no longer stand aside and see the country dissolve in anarchy. On May 28, 1926, Gen. Gomes da Costa made a *pronunciamiento*, the 18th since 1910, and followed it up by marching on Lisbon. He selected his first government from the soldiers around him but stopped

*5 Great Denmark St., Dublin C. 16, Ireland. August, 1940.

short when he came to the ministry of finance. The first task that the new government faced was to clean up the Augean stables of Portuguese finance. Nothing could be done until financial stability was secured. But the difficulty was where to find a finance minister who would have the courage and the ability to attempt a task which so many had given up as impossible.

Then the general was told of a certain professor at the University of Coimbra who "was supposed to be good." He had never heard of him before. But the matter was urgent. "The new government," he said to a journalist, "is just the best we can find at a moment like this. The minister of finance is to be a certain Salazar from Coimbra. Do you happen to know him?" The journalist did not and neither did anyone else; but he had written a brilliant thesis on the evolution of Portuguese finance and perhaps he could do something.

Word was sent to Coimbra and at first Salazar refused to leave his lecture hall. He was a professor of economics, he said, and was fully aware of the vast gulf between theory and practice. But when pressed further he came to Lisbon to interview the general. When the quiet young man of 37 appeared, he said he would accept the position on one condition: he must be made financial dictator with a veto on all national expenditure and complete control of the finances. Quite naturally, Da Costa re-

fused, and Salazar went back to his students. His first appearance on the political scene had lasted exactly five days.

Two generals in turn tried their hands at the financial problem but only succeeded in making matters worse. Salazar was recalled and his conditions accepted.

At once the new minister set to work. He demanded the strictest economy of the nation, cut down all superfluities, and increased taxation. Every national activity was subordinated to the urgent necessity of balancing the budget and obtaining financial stability. And, at the end of that first year 1928-29, Salazar presented an astounded nation not only with a balanced budget but with a surplus of nearly \$15 million. The budget actually balanced, with an enormous surplus. And this at a time when the world was undergoing an acute economic crisis! The thing was nothing less than a first-class financial miracle. And Salazar has produced a surplus every year since. In 1934 it amounted to \$90 million, a record which, to quote the [London] *Times*, "is not only without parallel anywhere else in the world but is an achievement for which history can show but few precedents." Such surpluses enabled him to liquidate the nation's floating debt. The debt amounted to \$102 million in 1929; by the next year it was reduced to \$47 million and in two more years was completely paid off.

Since 1928 financial stabilization has progressed steadily, the initial need for heavy sacrifices is gradually disappearing, the cost of living is going down and the standard of living is going up, and a once bankrupt nation occupies a position of perfect financial stability. No other statesman can equal the record of this hard-working and silent university professor.

Another successful effort of Salazar's has been to make Portugal practically self-sufficient in the matter of necessary foodstuffs. When he came into power he found that practically all the country's wheat and rice were imported, a completely unnecessary state of affairs in an agricultural country: \$10 million was paid for foreign wheat and \$2½ million for rice. Today Portugal grows more than enough wheat and rice for her own needs. Although the Portuguese fisheries are excellent, \$6 million was paid for codfish. This drain, too, has been cut down and the number of her codfishers doubled. The resulting self-sufficiency has, of course, enormously increased the wealth of the producers. Unemployment has been reduced to ½% of the total population, and with 99% of her people at work there is no unemployment problem. These are but a few examples of Salazar's constructive work; his reforms extend to all phases of national activity, and though yet far from completed, his work has raised Portugal beyond all reasonable expectations.

In 1931 Salazar was appointed president of the council of ministers. He at once collected a body of university professors, lawyers and prominent business men around him to cast a new constitution for Portugal. The first draft was published on May 28, 1932, and the people were allowed a year to consider it. Perfectly free discussion was permitted, with the result that the new constitution obtained an almost unanimous majority on March 19, 1933, and Portugal became the first corporative republic.

The constitution begins with the rights of the citizen and follows the line of liberal democracies like Switzerland, France and Belgium by insuring the right to life, reputation, liberty, free expression of thought, public meeting and association, to contract and to property. But political parties have been banned and are never intended to rise again. Even the Catholic party which Salazar himself helped to form has been dissolved. Instead the country is united into one vast national union which Salazar insists is not a party in any sense but the nation organized to reform itself in cooperation with its rulers. Salazar does not deny that the party system may work admirably elsewhere (he has considerable admiration for the English system of government) but he is convinced that the parliamentary party system does not suit Portugal. It reduced the country to ruin before and would do so again if

given the chance. There is no place for the old swindling professional politician in the *Estado Novo*, and it is Salazar's hope to entrench national unity so strongly that it will never again be destroyed by party strife.

A further difference is the importance given to the family in section III of the constitution. The family is declared to be, as it has always been in Catholic thought, the unit of society. When explaining the constitution, Salazar sternly attacked the fallacious dogma of the 19th-century political thought, derived from Rousseau, that the individual, not the family, was the social unit. By restoring the family to its proper place in the community and by adequately safeguarding its rights, both against individualism and bureaucracy, the constitution has given a lead which might be profitably followed by other states.

Article 71 of the constitution declares that sovereignty resides in the nation; thereby asserting the fundamental principle of democracy. The nation is distinguished from the state which is its organ and instrument. The head of the state is a president elected for a term of seven years, by the direct suffrage of the adult literate population, and is "directly responsible to the nation for actions performed in the exercise of his duties." The intention here

is to establish responsibility of government and to do away with the political irresponsibility of the old system in which no individual person could be held answerable for the action of the government.

Article 16 of the constitution says that "it shall be the duty of the state to authorize all corporative organizations for intellectual, social and economic purposes and to promote and assist their formation." This corporatism gives its peculiar character to the *Estado Novo* and constitutes Salazar's greatest contribution to statecraft. The country is not yet fully organized along corporative lines, for a revolution, such as he is determined to carry out, cannot be made quickly if it is to last. But the foundations have been laid and the system is establishing itself.

The ideal corporations should, of course, grow up from the people themselves, from below. In Portugal, however, they have been established by the dictatorial fiat of Salazar and require the dictatorship for their development. To that extent Portuguese corporatism is artificial. But that was necessary. A new system had to be imposed on a people whose whole development was stunted and far from normal. But Salazar firmly hopes that the system will develop strongly in Portuguese soil and eventually run itself.

Those drivers who think all traffic should stop for them have their wish realized at their funerals.

Joseph J. Quinn in the *Southwest Courier* (8 June '40).

Termites

By A. LONGFELLOW FISKE

Insect totalitarianism

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine**

Some facts about termites are known to everybody; for instance, that they get into houses and eat away the foundations, and into trees, literally consuming the insides so that they stand outwardly perfect but are ready to fall at the least breeze! Termites are *destroyers from within*, and they work silently, in the dark. Even in the U. S., where we have only a small poor-imitation type of termite, they cost the nation an average of \$40 million a year in destruction! I remember a tree in our front yard when I was a boy; it looked healthy enough externally, but a tree specialist told my father that it was hollow. It was promptly cut down and, behold, legions of infinitesimal termites had eaten its inner trunk clear to the bark. It was ready to fall any minute.

Maurice Maeterlinck, author of *The Blue Bird* and other famous works, made a profound study of the termites and their way of living and wrote a book about them. Eugene N. Marais also wrote a book on the subject; and after we read them we see certain analogies that are at least arresting and conducive to thinking.

In tropical countries termites build their great states and cities in mounds of earth which often loom as high as 15 and 18 feet. They are so solid that,

to destroy them, they must be dynamited.

There is a king and a queen. The queen just sits in the palace which has been built for her. Her body grows fat and bigger and bigger until it becomes necessary to construct a new abode for her! She languishes in the dark, and her dutiful king-husband never sighs for other feminine companionship. This is one thing that can be said in favor of this dictator: he is faithful to his wife.

Millions of subjects dwell in the termilitary. There are the workers and the warriors, for instance. The dictatorking rules with despotic power, and woe be to any subject who does not do his full duty. He is thrown out into the cold world where he quickly succumbs, or he may be executed and summarily eaten. The rules of the state are inexorable, and every termite must toe the mark absolutely.

Moreover, the workers and the warriors, the vast mass, *are blind*. There are certain high-up classes that can see, but not so those who do the hard work and drudgery; they are *slaves*. They just toil; they can never look upon their king or queen. They never see daylight nor, like the bees, enjoy an afternoon foray eating honey and sing-

**St. Benedict, Ore. August, 1940.*

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THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

55 E. TENTH ST.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

ing buzz-songs. They only crawl in blackness and dig for their state and its countless subjects. If their services aren't satisfactory, or they ever weaken, their extermination (for the good of the state) is certain.

The termites have two principal enemies, the sun and the ants. They overcome the sun by staying in the dark. They overcome their other enemy, the ant, by rigidly excluding him from their premises, and by a lightning mass-formation attack if he ever discovers a weakness in their outer bulwarks and tries to storm the walls! They have no mechanized implements of warfare but use just their anatomies, sheer bulk, as they cram their heads into any opening that may have been discovered by their attackers.

But the king is by instinct a conqueror. He sighs for other kingdoms, and would build other colonies to grow great and powerful. He wants his princes and princesses to dominate the world. They are not like the workers and warriors, who are blind; they can see.

They go forth, then, from their native state, under orders of the high potentate, as explorers and pioneers, to establish new kingdoms. And this is the interesting fact about it, that they sally forth, shall we say, as the *original parachutists*! Before they leave, these chosen few, they grow four beautiful wings. As the sun is their enemy, they

wait for a damp, dark day. They are the "suicide squad" for they are utterly helpless, and have had no previous training in flying. They wobble terribly at first, some can only fly a foot or two when they start, and others climb up tall grass stalks for another take-off. Some fly great distances, once they get a start. They alight when they know as by instinct that they have reached the site of the new kingdom they are to establish (always near trees or wooden structures built by man) where they proceed to shed their wings as by magic. Those who take the lead are females. When they have "landed" and shed their wings a male always finds them, mysteriously. Together they dig into the earth and begin the building of their to-be-destructive kingdom.

The "workers" have the big end of the job in every termite state, blind though they are. They must procure all food needed by the vast population, such as the "warriors" and others who never venture beyond the confines of their native land. To do this, they crawl away, in complete secrecy, seeking trees or material which contains cellulose, for food. They often construct clever, gray, tube-like subways which they traverse from their homes to their chosen source of food. Once they have found this source, they proceed to eat, or store up food, gnawing away with teeth that are like sharp saws. They digest the cellulose, and then, upon re-

turning, in some strange way supply the rest of their fellows, whose specialized duties keep them within the dark halls of their castle.

Maeterlinck states that "there is no family of insects whose members wage such an unceasing war against the work of man as the termite." He also points out that, within the termitary, "workmanship is perfection itself. There is absolutely no waste. The clearance is automatic and always profitable." Insect efficiency!

They are the arch destroyers of man's handiwork and building. Working secretly, boring within, they literally consume houses and trees, and in this country attack telephone and telegraph poles and railroad ties.

Thus, in the work of the little termites we see the power and efficiency

of *mass formation*, of countless numbers working persistently together for destructive purposes. We see further, the effectiveness of blind obedience of the masses to the kingpin or dictator, when they have no power to resist, and are held in iron bondage, under constant threat of death. The clever use of wings by those who are sent forth, veritably as a "suicide squad," to establish new colonies, gives us a suggested parallelism which we cannot overlook. Comparatively few of these "parachutists" survive. Their archenemies, the ants, get them, or they perish from exposure to the sun. But they go under orders, motivated by the compelling instinct of blind obedience.

We wonder, did Hitler and Stalin and the Duce ever read Maeterlinck or Marais on termites?



Another Mexico

When Polish Catholics in Russian-occupied Poland applied for their food cards they were told that food would be given only if the Poles would vote for the closing of the churches, the imprisonment of the priests and the atheistic education of their children.

In the schools, too, were reintroduced the worst types of teachers, people who for immorality and other reasons had been removed from their posts. They mixed the classes, not with girls on one side and boys on the other, but all mixed together. Among other things, boys and girls were forced to strip in front of one another to take showers and baths. Immorality was encouraged in the hope that, by making immoral a strong Catholic race, its heart and character would be broken.

The "Savior of the People" had come to Poland!

A fugitive Polish priest quoted in the *Glasgow Observer* (2 Aug. '40).

Crusader for Cooperation

Saving body and soul

By BRUCE B. MINER

Condensed from the *American Agriculturist**

Between the big woods of northern Maine and the famed Aroostook potato country, only a few miles from the Canadian border, lie two small settlements known as Sinclair and Guerette. To serve these two French-speaking communities there came in 1936 a young Catholic priest, Father D. Wilfred Soucy.

In three years, with Father Soucy's energetic leadership and their own efforts, the French-speaking farm people in northern Aroostook have made more progress in getting needed services cooperatively than in any similar period in their history.

Six credit unions, a cooperative creamery, a cooperative breeding association for dairymen, and a new home-craft project which will provide part-time work for hundreds of residents of the area: all have come into being since Father Soucy began talking about cooperation in northern Aroostook. He would be the last person to take credit for bringing these organizations to life. But few who know the area believe that any one of these new cooperatives would now be in existence had it not been for his ceaseless efforts.

Father Soucy cannot disclaim credit for many other marks of progress that the last three years have recorded in his

own parishes. When he went into Sinclair and Guerette there was no road connecting the two communities, although they are only six miles apart as the crow flies. In winter, which is a good part of the year up there, Father Soucy had to go 43 miles to get from one town to the other unless he struck off across country on snowshoes, as he frequently did. A considerable part of his people were without telephone service. They had no electric lights.

The road came first. With money being spent on public works and highways throughout the country, Father Soucy could see no reason why public funds should not be made available for a road from Sinclair to Guerette. He had friends, and they had friends, and before long there was \$160,000 set aside for the long-needed highway. A few months later there was the road itself, and now others are being built in the vicinity.

The telephone company was the next to come up against the tenacity of this economic crusader. Father Soucy tried to get action from the local telephone company, but they politely found innumerable reasons for delay in actually building a line. One day he came across a particularly glowing advertisement setting forth the wonderful service of

*Savings Bank Bldg., Ithaca, N. Y. June 8, 1940.

the telephone company. With that as his text, Father Soucy sent a skillfully planned letter to the company's offices in Bangor. It was nice, he said, to have telephone service day and night, through storm and fair weather, from coast to coast. But here in the company's territory was a community without a single telephone with which to summon a doctor or priest. What did the telephone company propose to do about it?

The telephone company put in the line, but Father Soucy arranged to have his parishioners cut the poles themselves.

Electricity came into Sinclair, Daigle and a part of St. Agatha after another campaign in which Father Soucy took the leadership. More recently the Maine Public Service Co. consented to give electricity to Guerette and Ouellette if they found 50 customers. They have been found and are already cutting their own poles to fulfill their share of the contract.

From his experience in northern Maine, and his observation of cooperatives in Nova Scotia, Father Soucy became convinced of the value of credit unions, the so-called poor man's banks.

He talked to his parishioners and explained how these cooperative thrift societies operate. He showed them how they could save a few cents a week and build up a fund on which to draw in time of greater need. A credit union, he said, would be run by local men,

neighbors, who would make small loans to other neighbors. The interest rate would be fair to both borrower and lender.

Soon there were 420 members of credit unions in Guerette, Sinclair, Stockholm, St. Agatha, Daigle, and Keegan. For Father Soucy was no longer restricted to his own parishes. He had been put in charge of cooperative education for the Catholic Church in northern Aroostook County.

Telephones, electricity, highways and credit unions; Father Soucy's people needed them all. But they still needed one essential of modern life. They needed more cash income, and they needed it as badly as any group in the state. Reliable sources of additional income do not come easily, and Father Soucy realized that there must be more than missionary work before they could get "what we are surely entitled to." But that was no reason for giving up.

Father Soucy gave his support to plans for a cooperative creamery to be located in Fort Kent. Characteristically, he sought the best advice and most promising assistance before the new organization got under way.

It was not easy. But after a careful analysis by representatives of the Maine Extension Service and Farm Security Administration, the farmers in the area formed the St. John Valley Cooperative Creamery on Jan. 25, 1938. It looked as though \$14,000 might be necessary for plant and equipment be-

fore the creamery could make a pound of butter. There were comparatively few cows in the area, and the farmers were not dairymen.

Then, at the request of the directors of the creamery and others, the Maine Extension Service appointed Hubert Tracy, an assistant county agent, to assist in educational work in connection with the growing interest in dairying.

Instead of spending \$14,000 on buildings and equipment, Tracy worked out a plan that actually put the creamery in operation with an expenditure of approximately \$3,000. Some of the equipment was second-hand, and the building was formerly a blacksmith shop, leased for three years at a cost of \$15 a month. But the creamery started making butter.

The success of the creamery is not yet assured. Of the 175 men who have signed up, however, 110 shipped a total of 19,842 pounds of butterfat to the creamery from May to October, 1939. About \$4,265 was paid to those farmers in cream checks during the five months.

The handicraft cooperative venture is by far the most ambitious. Many women in northern Maine have helped increase the family income by knitting

and crocheting at home. Their average daily income from these enterprises, according to Father Soucy, has been about 25c. He believes that the new plan he is backing can increase that average income to a figure of about \$1 a day.

Under the new homecraft project, women and girls will have an opportunity to knit or crochet socks, sweaters, bed jackets, rugs and similar articles. The products will be marketed through a New York outlet which has agreed to act in this capacity for three years. An adjusted piece rate will be paid to all women, so that the price received for knitting a sweater, for example, will be the same regardless of the time it takes any particular woman to make it.

What is ahead for these cooperatives? It is still too early to say. But they will not fail from the lack of support by Father Soucy. He has opposition; some of the most determined is based on the idea that such goings on are no part of a priest's work in his parish. Father Soucy is just as firmly convinced that economic betterment is clearly a job for a priest. As Pope Pius XI said, "Help the body and you will gain the soul."



Double Entendre

He always preached with his hands on his stomach. One day when he was telling the people about his plans for the upper church, his hands in the usual position, he said, "This edifice will rise to even greater proportions."

John S. Kennedy in the *Ave Maria* (29 June '40).

The Religion of the Nazis

By FRANK BUCKLEY

Ich bin Gott

Condensed from *Extension**

Their religion is not entirely the product of Nazi philosophers. It represents, rather, a composite of doctrines expounded in another generation by philosophers like Hegel, Nietzsche, De Gobineau, the Germanized Briton, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, and others. It was Hegel who advocated deification of the Prussian state, and Nietzsche who taught that Christianity represented only "slave morality" and that virtues of freemen are expressed by brutality, conquest and domination. De Gobineau, a French diplomat with pronounced Germanic sentiments, is the father of the so-called "Nordic legend" which places Germanic Aryans on a pedestal far removed in grandeur and superiority from the lesser breeds of mankind. Chamberlain, who is one of Hitler's favorite gods, transformed the Nordic legend into a political program. His famous book, *Foundations of the 19th Century*, ranks in popularity almost with the Fuehrer's own *Mein Kampf* and claims, among other things, that first place in the world belongs to the Teutonic branch of the Aryan family. "True history begins," he wrote, "at the moment when the Teuton, with his masterful hand, lays his grip upon the legacy of antiquity." The new religion, then, represents an

amplification of these ideas, set to religious tempo by Nazi philosophers. Chief among the latter are Russian-born Dr. Alfred Rosenberg and Prof. Ernest Bergmann of the University of Leipzig.

In *Myth of the 20th Century* Rosenberg sets the task of the century as an effort to create a new type of man from a new German mythology. The new faith arose in the midst of battle, he explains. The German dead are its martyrs and its battle cry is: "With plough and sword for honor and freedom." According to prophet Rosenberg, the Old Testament must give way to Nordic sagas and legends, as must the Christian virtues of meekness, humility, charity and racial equality to the superior German virtues of strength, manliness, courage, physical beauty, and belief in racial purity. "The God whom we revere," he writes, "would not exist if our soul and blood did not exist. Therefore, everything which protects, purifies and strengthens the honor and the freedom of this soul and this blood is the concern of our religion, our rights and our state. Our holy places are those where German heroes died. Our holy days are those on which they fought passionately. And the holy hour of the German will

*360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. September, 1940.

come when the symbol of awakening, the banner with the sign of rising life (the hooked cross) has become the one dominating faith of the German Reich."

Professor Bergmann's *Nordic Flower of God* is an essay on inherited Nordic virtues. It envisions a German race of men like unto the gods, and pictures Germany as the land in which a new mankind is to be formed, developed and religiously inspired to worship Nordic men as incarnations of the Nordic God. Nazi Germans, it declares, reject the heresy of otherworldliness. They would not only believe in a Christ but all would be Christs. "We want to be redeemers, saviors and healers, according to our heroic ethics. We want to heal and redeem man before he is born, not before he dies." Look upon God and man as one and the same, Bergmann advocates. Separate man from God and the Nordic-Christian ideal is destroyed. Ideas of human equality are nonsense. Create a nobility of birth by adoption of measures of segregation, extinction and selection.

In the spring of 1933, "segregation" of the German folk from "inferior" elements was begun. Then followed laws prohibiting marriage between the unfit, between Aryans and non-Aryans. And later, ruthless persecution of Jews and Catholics.

From the revelations of prophets Rosenberg and Bergmann, it appears

that the religion of National Socialism is Naziism. Both express fanatical belief in the "Aryan" myth whereby the "Aryan" Nordic race is presumed to possess a God-given superiority entitling it to overlordship of the world. Both are violent exponents of racial purity and, with Hitler, argue that the state is the sole instrument through which that end can be achieved. And both deride Christianity, Judaism, and other faiths that worship spiritual, as against material, forms.

Efforts of Nazi savants to give the new faith the color of religion frequently reach the absurd. Von Wendrin, who is another of the prophets that grace the higher bracket, has evolved the novel theory that the name *Christ* really should be spelled *Krist* and that Christ was none other than the Scandinavian deity Baldur. Professor Bergmann states that the biblical figure of Christ is merely a perversion of the original Nordic God. And Dr. Rosenberg, not to be outdone, tells the German people that Christ was a Nordic superman, "a stern, brave revolutionist, who was crucified by the Jews, just as we are today."

A Nazified version of the Psalms entitled, *God Songs of the German People*, is the work of Herr Wilhelm Teudt, another savant of the new order. Seventy-five of these "God Songs" replace the 150 that comprise the Book of Psalms and have been prepared strictly in accordance with require-

ments of the new faith. For example: the 2nd verse of the 86th Psalm reads, "The Lord loveth the gates of Sion above all the tabernacles of Jacob"; while the Nazified version is, "The Lord loveth the heights of Germania more than all foreign places."

Propaganda for home consumption brings Hitler into the religious picture by suggestion, and frequently seeks to convey the impression that he is possessed of God-like attributes. A Nazi family magazine reminds its readers that "the Fuehrer is no human being, like you and me." In German schools he is constantly compared to Christ; and it is known that almost from the first day of his rule, Hitler has permitted prayers to be addressed to him. All of this has not been without effect. "Millions of Germans," reports one writer, "when twilight beckons, light candles placed at either side of a picture of Hitler, kneel in their homes before his effigy, and worship their savior." And another writer tells of a spectacle at Saarbrücken, in the main hall of the railroad station, where women knelt in adoration before an altarlike pedestal, decorated with flow-

ers, swastikas and burning candles, and supporting a portrait of Herr Hitler.

The "German Faith Movement," officially launched at Eisenbach in 1933, is now the mightiest neo-pagan organization in the world. Its adherents, willing or otherwise, are legion; and, marching in the front ranks are 6 million or more "Hitler Youth" between the ages of eight and 18, taught to chant, as they march, *Down with Christianity*, and other slogans derogatory to religions of the civilized world. Behind it are all the facilities of modern high-gear propaganda machinery, plus the fear of concentration camps, or worse. Pastor Niemöller, popular World-War submarine hero, languishes in a Nazi prison because he read from the pulpit a 4,000 word diatribe against the deification of Hitler; and 700 other Protestant clergymen were arrested for preaching against the "pagan church policy" of the state. German bishops in pastorals and priests in sermons have denounced the paganization of religion and were made to suffer insults and personal attacks for their boldness. Many priests and religious were sent to prisons or concentration camps.

The best protection against propaganda of any sort is the complete recognition of it for what it is. Only hidden and undetected oratory is insidious. What reaches the heart without going through the mind is likely to bounce back and put the mind out of business. Propaganda taken in that way is like a drug you do not know you are swallowing. The effect is mysterious. You do not know afterwards why you feel or think the way you do.

From *How to Read a Book* by Mortimer J. Adler (Simon & Schuster).

Youth Is Served

By RICHARD LAWRENCE

Condensed from the *Catholic Woman's World**

Pushing through the office door (8th floor, Empire State Building) into the office itself, you are greeted with display tables covered with books which make you forget the building about you and the roar of the city without. You lose yourself, as you browse through them, in the lands of high adventure and flashing romance. For a time you regain that youthfulness of eye and heart and soul that was yours long years ago.

If you are lucky you may meet there Father Francis X. Downey, S.J., the originator of the Pro Parvulis Book Club. Father Downey is a lover of children and a champion of their interests. That is what gave him the idea of starting a book club for the young. Being a man of keen psychological sense, he realized that it was a waste of time to say merely, "Don't read this," or "Don't read that." He knows that youngsters simply *will* read something!

Said he: "We believe that children should be attracted to Christ through books and reading at the age of three years when they are receptive to pictures and stories. They should be read to and talked to and *taken seriously*. (Would to high heaven that more felt the same way! Insert ours, we just

couldn't keep it out!) Stalin and Hitler have set the age of three for the inception of godless ideas. We believe that stories are all-powerful in their influence upon the lives of the young and old, but especially upon the young. The lovable and attractive characters of a story become the abiding companions of children and exert an immeasurable influence upon their lives." (Are not David and Goliath and the other characters of the Bible stories you listened to as youngsters still vivid in your hearts today? Somehow these seem more real and vital than Popeye, Dick Tracy and Lil' Abner.) "We believe that the old adage, 'Tell me who your friends are and I will tell you what you are,' is true enough; but not half so true as, 'Tell me what you *read* and I will tell you what you are.' We have a narrow choice of possible friends, but we have a whole world of books from which to choose. We believe that a child should be taught by every artifice to appreciate good, beautiful-looking, and substantial books."

It was with such convictions as these that Father Downey launched the Pro Parvulis. In putting his desire into effect he was fortunate in finding a clever and zealous kindred soul in Miss Mary Kiely, formerly a librarian.

*Marygrove College, Detroit, Mich. July, 1940.

This lady's most effective accomplishment for moderns has been, perhaps, the compilation of the classified list of more than 1,000 titles of books for children, *New Worlds to Live*. The brochure is what the puzzled parent has prayed for. It is helpful to the busy priest and teacher because they can find the answers to children's questions, "What shall I read next?" and with ease answer a perplexed parent's query, "What shall I give my boy, 11, and my daughter, 17, to read?" As each book in the list is definitely and carefully age grouped, and as the list itself takes in ages from preschool years to the end of high school, one may well imagine that it is a boon to the oldsters who are stumped when birthdays, first Communion, Confirmation and graduation days roll round inexorably upon them.

The original idea of the club was to select books for three age groups only: boys and girls up to advanced grades; boys in advanced grades through early high school, and girls at the same years. As a result, however, of hundreds of requests made to the club, it added last year a fourth group which takes in boys and girls at the all-important age arrived at by high-school juniors and seniors. Every two months of the year a copy of the best book being published is sent to each member of these age groups accompanied by a copy of the *Herald*.

The yardstick of book selection used

by the editorial board is interest, literary style, format, and, above all, permanence of influence in the lives of its readers. In the past five years some 80 such books have been sent out to the Pro Parvulis members. A further service to *subscribers* only is found in the mimeographed *Thumbs Down*, a sheet in which they can find condemnations of unsuitable books.

This book club for the young reader has received innumerable blessings and recommendations from members of the hierarchy, superintendents of diocesan school systems, principals of parochial schools and academies, and from teachers of the various classes which fall within the limits of its varied age groups. In some dioceses the superintendents have directed that classroom subscriptions be taken out and that all book purchases follow the leads given by the *Herald*.

Parishes, too, have taken to forming Pro Parvulis libraries. Of one such, Miss Alice R. Leary, founder of the St. Francis Xavier branch of the Pro Parvulis in St. James' Parish, Arlington, Mass., a suburb of Boston, writes: "The formation of a Pro Parvulis book club library is not difficult. Within the past year we have brought this vital movement into the lives of the girls and boys—1,100 of them—in our parish. Our library contains some 800 Pro Parvulis books. About our reading room located in our upper sacristy are large displays of mounted jackets and

posters advertising our books. One could browse here for hours allured by the books themselves invitingly displayed in their laminated cellophane jackets. The bimonthly selections for each of the age groups are subscribed for annually by our parishioners.

"Each boy or girl may take a book for two weeks without cost. An overdue fine of 2c a day takes care of the careless."

Within the past year, in the vicinity of Boston alone, at least ten other parish libraries have sprung up.



Prophet Nets Profit

In 1933, when the New Deal was first getting under way, Msgr. Luigi G. Ligutti, a parish priest in a tiny, disintegrated community of soft-coal miners in Iowa, saw his chance to do with government money the job of self-paying relief that he had long vainly tried to persuade the bankers of Des Moines to undertake. In his town was a soft-coal mine, from which each year less coal was being taken. The miners were living under conditions of gradual starvation, relieved only by governmental charity. Since it was unmistakable that the soft-coal business, instead of the coal, was going down the chute, Ligutti argued that the miners should be educated slowly over into becoming farming homesteaders. They should be lent money to buy land and build houses, and provision should be made for them to pay back whatever they borrowed.

Nobody in Des Moines did anything more than say, "Yes, but," to this idea. When the Resettlement Administration came into being, Ligutti got his chance. He persuaded the government to lend \$100,000 to re-establish these miners on the soil. Eventually he was able to obtain \$200,000 for the entire project. Today, five years after the completion of the Granger Homesteads, the mine is paying \$10,000 less in annual salaries, precisely as Ligutti predicted. But the spare-time production of the miner-farmers from their own plots of land—there are 50 families in the community—has mounted from zero to \$15,000 a year.

The astonishing thing about the Granger Community is that it is paying for itself. In five years \$35,000 of its government loan has been met on the date due and checked off.

Free America (Aug. '40).

Back to Green Pastures

By PHILIP A. NOVIKOFF

And out of the bread line

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

Let us go back to 1934 when the great depression was at its gloomiest. Father Francis J. McGoey was a curate of St. Clair's Catholic Church in Toronto. The St. Clair district was inhabited by the well-to-do. Their homes had lawns and trees and fresh air. To live "on the hill" was to be in the upper-monied brackets.

But the young priest saw beyond the boundaries of his own parish. He looked down the hill into the heart of the city, at the great belching smokestacks, the dirt-tarnished factories, the drab homes that surrounded them, the city slums. Here, too, lived human beings, with hearts and souls like those who lived "on the hill." Only they were different. Different because they had been squeezed by unemployment. He saw these people crushed into objects of despair and bitterness, their initiative gone, their religion turning to paganism. He saw insane asylums being filled from their ranks, suicides, broken homes.

He saw and said to himself: "All this should not be. I am a priest. My life is dedicated to God and humanity. If I serve humanity I serve God at the same time. Something must be done for these people. Something that will bring back life into their blood and

bring God back into their hearts again."

Cure-alls of all sorts were being tossed about with abandon. Father McGoey could see only one immediate solution. "I shall take them back to green pastures," he resolved. "Back to the land."

But first there had to be land for these people to go to. Farm equipment and homes cost money and the young priest had none. So he "borrowed" ten acres of land from a kind friend. It was approximately four miles northwest of King City, a sleepy village 25 miles north of Toronto. He went among some of the more broad-minded people who lived "on the hill" and collected \$1,000—sufficient to build five very modest houses for five families.

The national and provincial governments and the Toronto city council were persuaded to contribute jointly towards the purchase of implements and seed; a cow, a horse, a sow and a flock of chickens for each family. The first five families chosen had all been on city relief for considerable time. They were mostly large families, totaling 38 human beings in all. One family alone had 11 children.

Not one among them knew the first thing about farming. They didn't know which side a cow should be

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. September, 1940.

milked from nor how to harness a horse. To educate them in their new endeavor, Father McGoey hired an experienced farmer. "Not to thrust farming down their throats, but to supervise and help when they were stuck," explained Father McGoey. The provincial and Dominion agricultural departments also helped considerably with valuable advice.

In early June they packed their scant belongings and moved out to their new homes. As the houses were not yet built, they lived for several months in makeshift cabins. Some cleaned out a disused stable, moved their beds into the stalls and hung up a *Home Sweet Home* sign.

Their first consideration was to get the seed into the soil so there would be a harvest in the fall. Pooling their labor, they plowed their small fields. They planted beans, carrots, potatoes; strawberries, raspberries and apple trees. Sufficient vegetables were harvested in the autumn to tide everyone over the long winter. In addition, each family sold nearly \$200 worth of produce on the market. It was the first money some of them had earned in years.

The first winter spent by this group of back-to-the-landers was a hard one. One event they still talk about concerns the birth of a child. One young woman, Mrs. Walter Smith, was expecting a baby. She had been taken to a near-by town to await its arrival,

but became so lonesome for the farm she returned.

One day a cold wind ripped down from the north. On its wings came a howling blizzard. Father McGoey's car was frozen stiff and couldn't be budged. Snowdrifts blocked the roads. The baby chose this day to come into the world. It was a harrowing time for the women of the settlement. None had experience in midwifery. To make matters worse no suitable dwelling was available for such an event. The baby, a boy, was born in the stable.

The following spring 15 more families were taken off the Toronto relief rolls and brought out to Mount St. Francis Community. More land was purchased by the Catholic Land Settlement Corporation. With a promise of ten acres of land and a two-story house they could call their own, these families entered wholeheartedly into the work.

After the crop was in, they rolled up their sleeves and joined hands in building up the community. A portable saw was installed and several thousand feet of lumber were cut from logs off their own properties. The lumber went into the building of their homes. A neat little church was erected in a small grain field. A community hall was put up, and a women's hall, a rectory, a two-room school and a convent for the four Sisters of Charity, two of whom are serving as teachers in the school.

With no money on hand to buy paint, Father McGoeys secured several gallons of old crankcase oil from garages. Mixing some coloring with this, the concoction was used to coat the earlier buildings.

The schoolhouse is unique: merely a cement basement with a tar-paper roof. Two stoves supply heat. Sister Superior Mary Laura was very gracious when I called there to look over the building.

"It is remarkable how healthy our children are," she beamed. "Despite the hardest winter we've ever had, hardly any sickness was experienced by the pupils. No contagious diseases have appeared since the school opened."

The present schoolyard is large; bordered by fragrant pine trees. Near-by are rolling hills where the children sleigh, toboggan and ski during the winter months. When school is done they have no idle moments in which to brew mischief. There are always chores at home, and fields and woods to explore. Unanimously they told me, "We never wish to go back to the city!" Their eyes shone when they said this and I fully believed them.

By 1937 Mount St. Francis Community had increased to 41 families comprising 241 individuals. More than 400 acres of land were now being worked by former relief recipients. A canning factory was started in a small cement dugout. This turned out several thousand cans of beans, carrots

and other produce grown by Father McGoeys's flock. The method of distribution, from producer direct to consumer, increased the growers' profits.

All families did not become fully independent after the first year; nor after the third. Following several years of enforced idleness in the city, a number of the men and women did not take readily to rural life. Accustomed to receiving wages for any manual labor they had done in the city, some resented the daily hard work for which there was no immediate remuneration.

The ironing out process began with the reorganization of the community. A satisfactory standard of living, it was found, could not be attained on a ten-acre farm. How much was needed? Well, 20 acres should do quite nicely. But Canada was at war. All the government's money was being put into the war effort. No further grants could be had for the purchase of more land, though relief continued to be doled out to the urban destitute.

"How much do 20 acres of land cost?" I asked Father McGoeys.

"One thousand dollars including the buildings and some livestock," he replied.

"Approximately how much does it cost to keep a family with four children on city relief, Father?"

"Seven hundred dollars," he said. Then smiling in satisfaction, he added, "Do you know, since I came here I've saved the city of Toronto, the province

and the Dominion government a total of \$63,000, money which they would have paid out in direct relief to my families."

Father McGoeY explained the present setup of the Mount St. Francis Community. In the first place the land was purchased by the Catholic Land Settlement Corporation. Each settler has the title to 20 acres for which he must pay \$1,000 over a period of 20 years, without interest. This makes the annual payment \$50. The only additional annual payment is a small land tax to the municipality. It can readily be seen that relief money for a family of four for a single year would almost buy enough land to make it self-supporting in a few years.

"Are your people here self-supporting now?" I asked.

"Definitely so," the Father said. "In September, 1939, they were put completely on their own. And you really can't imagine how happy we are."

I questioned some of the settlers. They all talked openly about their past. I first spoke to a former lawyer, Joseph McMahon. He'd had a fairly good practice until hard times threw the family on relief. "Self-respect is one of the most valued possessions of man,"

he declared. "I have regained mine."

I found Leo Lollar, who operates the cannery, bucking wood near his home. He gladly took time off to tell me about himself. I asked him where he learned the canning trade. "I was a bottler before I came out here," he said. "So this work came quite easily. During prohibition in the U. S. I bottled bathtub gin for a bootleg brewery," he added with a grin.

A former speed skater and a magazine illustrator's model, Mrs. Bill Smith, was among the first settlers at Mount St. Francis. She bubbled with enthusiasm when she spoke of her new life with her young husband and two children. "I've never been more content in my life. Those six months when I had to call at the relief depot for our weekly voucher seem like a nightmare. Thank God that's over!"

Mrs. Smith said that their cash living costs averaged only \$2 a week; the rest came from the farm. Their home is as neat as a pin. They own a car and radio. Mrs. Smith brought out a snapshot of their home four years ago, a mere shack. The comparison with their present cottage proves that Father McGoeY's 1934 bubble wasn't made of soapsuds.

Agreement

On Aug. 12 the baseball team of the Oregon State Prison at Salem played outside the prison walls for the first time in 20 years. It is reported that the team was in complete agreement with the umpire. The reason: the umpire was Roy S. Keene, parole-board member.

From the *Candle* (Sept. '40).

Washington to Catholics

Condensed from the *Philippines Commonwealth**

About 14 years after the thirteen colonies declared their independence from England and George Washington had been elected president of the U. S., he wrote, on March 12, 1790, a letter to the Catholics of the U. S. praising their loyalty and the patriotic rôle they had played in the winning of the American Revolution.

The letter was written in reply to the congratulatory message addressed to President Washington by outstanding American Catholics of the period. The message was signed on behalf of the clergy by the newly-appointed Bishop John Carroll, and by Charles Carroll of Carrollton (signer of the Declaration of Independence), Daniel Carroll, Dominick Lynch of New York City and Thomas Fitzsimmons of Philadelphia.

In the course of their letter, they said to President Washington: "You encourage respect for religion; and inculcate, by words and actions, that principle, on which the welfare of nations so much depends, that a superintending providence governs the events of the world, and watches over the conduct of men.

"This prospect of national prosperity is peculiarly pleasing to us on another account; because while our country preserves her freedom and independence,

we shall have a well-founded title to claim from her justice, the equal rights of citizenship, as the price of our blood spilt under your eyes, and of our common exertions for her defense, under your auspicious conduct—rights rendered more dear to us by the remembrance of former hardships.

"When we pray for the preservation of them, where they have been granted—and expect the full extension of them from the justice of those states which still restrict them: when we solicit the protection of heaven over our common country, we neither omit, nor can omit recommending your preservation to the singular care of divine providence."

Replying to this message, President Washington wrote: "Gentlemen, while I now receive, with much satisfaction, your congratulations on my being called, by a unanimous vote, to the first station in my country—I cannot but only duly notice your politeness in offering an apology for the unavoidable delay. As that delay has given you an opportunity of realizing, instead of anticipating, the benefits of the general government—you will do me the justice to believe, that your testimony of the increase of the public prosperity, enhances the pleasure, which I should otherwise have experienced from your affectionate address.

* *Manila, P. I. July, 4, 1940.*

"I feel that my conduct, in war and in peace, has met with more general approbation, than could have reasonably been expected; and I find myself disposed to consider that fortunate circumstance, in a great degree, resulting from the able support, and extraordinary candor, of my fellow-citizens of all denominations.

"The prospect of national prosperity now before us, is truly animating; and ought to excite the exertions of all good men to establish and secure the happiness of their country, in the permanent duration of its freedom and independence. America, under the smiles of divine providence, the protection of a good government, and the cultivation of manners, morals, and piety, cannot fail of attaining respectability at home and abroad.

"As mankind becomes more liberal, they will be more apt to allow, that all those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the community, are

equally entitled to the protection of civil government. I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part, which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution, and the establishment of their government—of the important assistance, which they received from a nation, in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed.

"I thank you, Gentlemen, for your kind concern for me. While my life and health shall continue, in whatever situation I may be, it shall be my constant endeavor to justify the favorable sentiments which you are pleased to express of my conduct. And may the members of your society in America, animated alone by the pure spirit of Christianity, and still conducting themselves, as the faithful subjects of our free government, enjoy every temporal and spiritual felicity."



Sharp Signer

"The salvation of society lies in your pocketbooks," Don Bosco once said, speaking to an audience of wealthy people in Lyons. After the meeting, a lady gushed praise of the saint's charitable works and begged him for his autograph. The saint wrote something and offered it to her. It was his autograph, but it was signed to a receipt for a liberal donation, and her name was written in as donor. Whether she accepted the autograph on these conditions we do not know.

Msgr. Peter M. H. Wynhoven quoted in the *Far East* (Sept. '40).

R. L. S. Goes to Molokai

By P. H. CAMPBELL

He took off his gloves

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

Many a craft, in times past, has sailed out of San Francisco harbor seeking wealth or adventure in the romantic isles of the South Seas. Some of them were destined never to return; others have enriched the world by the treasures they brought back, though their holds contained neither precious stones nor pirates' gold.

This is particularly true of the yacht *Casco* on which Robert Louis Stevenson lightheartedly embarked with his wife, mother and stepson in June, 1888. The voyage was intended to be only a health and pleasure excursion of a few months' duration. Stevenson loved the sea and contacts with strange people, and he was certain that this jaunt into a region where romance abounds would yield fresh material for stories and articles. He had no idea that his wanderings would last for nearly three years, or that before he finally settled down in a new home he would lay the tribute of his genius at the feet of one of the truly great men of modern times, Father Damien.

Six months of cruising brought the party to Honolulu in time for Christmas. To Stevenson, who had a school-boy's delight in all that he saw, the voyage brought joyous returns. He had gained in health and had gathered a

store of songs and stories. The visits to the islands were "more like dreams than realities." The scenery, the climate and, in some places, the women were more beautiful than he had imagined. He had never known that the world could be so amusing. In this buoyant mood he dropped anchor in Honolulu harbor.

Stevenson took a native house at Waikiki Beach, not so famous then as it is now, and settled down to finish *The Master of Ballantrae*, already running in *Scribner's Magazine*.

While in Honolulu he heard much in praise of Father Damien and the work he was doing for the lepers at Molokai. He was very eager to meet the priest and see for himself what he had accomplished. Yet the book had to be completed in a given time and he could not take a holiday until it was done. Before the last pages were completed, *finis* had been written to another story of heroism more thrilling than any ever conceived by the fertile imagination of Stevenson. Father Damien died in his little house by the church he loved so well on April 15, after 21 days of agony.

The book was finished during the latter part of April and Stevenson, who was already planning to leave the

**Notre Dame, Ind.* Aug. 24, 1940.

island, decided to take a holiday by himself. He would carry out a long-cherished plan to see Molokai and those who were carrying on Father Damien's work: the priests, Brother Joseph and the Franciscan nuns who had come to take charge of the orphanage and the school.

A month later he visited the island to which the lepers were exiled and, by special permission, spent a week in the settlement. Afterwards he wrote a rather sketchy and incomplete record of what he saw. But from his letters we get a fairly accurate picture of the island.

In a letter to his wife he describes the landing from the steamer. The lepers went ashore in the first boat; then he stepped into the second with the Sisters who had come to join those already on the island. He was profoundly moved and he writes: "I do not know how it would have been with me had not the Sisters been there. My horror of the horrible is about my weakest point, but the moral loveliness at my elbow blotted all else out; and when I found that one of them was crying quietly under her veil I cried a little myself; I felt a little crushed to be there so uselessly."

Perhaps because he had known so much of pain in his childhood, he could never see suffering without trying to relieve it. Now he turned to the nuns, saying, "Ladies, God Himself is here to give you welcome. I am

sure it is good for me to be beside you; I hope it will be blessed for me; I thank you for myself and the good you do me."

They went ashore where hundreds of "pantomime masks in human flesh" were waiting to receive the Sisters and the new patients." Everyone held out a hand. Stevenson had been warned to wear gloves, but he had made up his mind on the boat not to give his hand. That seemed less offensive than the gloves. Presently the horror left him and he was exchanging greetings with the patients and stopping to gossip at house doors, quite his old cheerful self, only a little ashamed because he was not there to do good.

His general impression of the house was one of cheerfulness, cleanliness and comfort. With Mother Mary Anne as guide he saw the neatly made beds in the dormitories. Over the head of every one were photographs, Christmas cards, small religious pictures. On many of the cots a doll lay pillowed; and he was told that in that artificial life old ladies and little girls alike found pleasure in doll dressmaking.

In a letter to Sidney Colvin he said: "You who know so many ladies delicately clad and they who know so many dressmakers, please make it known it would be an acceptable gift to send scraps for doll dressmaking to Sister Mary Anne." He played croquet with the leper girls, refusing to wear gloves, and had "little old-maid

meals served me by the Sisters."

While in the guesthouse he wrote a poem to *Mother Mary Anne*, which deserves to be better known:

To see the infinite pity of this place
The mangled limb, the devastated face,
The innocent sufferer smiling at the
rod—

A fool were tempted to deny his God.
He sees, he shrinks. But if he gaze
again,

Lo, beauty springing from the breast
of pain!

He marks the Sisters on the mournful
shores;

And even a fool is silent and adores.

Shortly after his arrival, Stevenson met Brother Joseph Dutton who says in one of his letters: "His health seemed poor and he was much depressed over it. Said Molokai was the most beautiful place he had ever seen. Added had great mind to come and spend the remainder of his years here. Said he doubted if he would live long himself and might as well die here as anywhere. Next morning he seemed more cheerful and did not again refer. Asked many questions about Damien, showing greatest interest in all he did. Told him what I could, trying to give a true picture of the sainted Father."

There is no mention of a visit to Father Damien's grave beneath the pandanus tree, yet surely Stevenson must have gone there for a few moments' meditation if not for a prayer over the last resting place of the man

who was responsible for the transformation of the settlement; a man whom he always regarded as a martyred saint.

One is tempted to play with the speculation as to what would have happened if Stevenson had actually gone to live on Molokai instead of Samoa. One of the results of this visit was the grand piano he sent to Mother Mary Anne for the use of the leper girls with whom he had played croquet, and the *Letter to Dr. Hyde*.

During 1890 Stevenson went to Sydney and shortly after his arrival a friend who knew of his visit to Molokai asked if he had seen the letter published in the *Presbyterian*. It should be said in explanation that Hyde, a Congregational clergyman, visited the island three times.

The first time he dedicated a newly built Protestant church. During this visit again and again he expressed his admiration for Damien's work, making the considerable admission that trained nurses would never assume the care of the lepers and that the Sisters and Brothers of the Catholic Orders were therefore the only kind of helpers possible and, indeed, the best fitted to do the work.

On his return to Hawaii, Dr. Hyde wrote a description of his visit in which he referred to Damien as "that noble-hearted Catholic priest, who went to Molokai to care for the spiritual welfare of those of his faith and whose

work has been so successful." Yet, no less than four years later, after Damien was dead and could not defend himself, he repeated the foulest sort of slander about him. It is difficult to understand the change.

Mrs. Stevenson has described Stevenson's mood as he sat down to answer Hyde's letter. Usually the gentlest and kindest of souls, he could on provocation assume the rôle of an avenging angel. He locked himself in his room, wrote the letter at one sitting, talked angrily to himself as his pen sped over the paper, and tore his hair. He realized the risks of what he was doing, for, as he said afterward, "I knew I was writing a libel. I thought he would bring an action. I made sure I should be ruined; I asked leave of my gallant family; and the sense that I was signing away all I possessed kept me up to high-water mark, and made me feel every insult heroic."

He sent the letter to the London newspapers, but they were afraid to publish it because of the likelihood of libel suits. The *Scots Observer*, less timid, published it in two installments. Shortly afterward, seeing that Hyde was silent, Chatto and Windus brought it out as an essay. Stevenson refused to

accept any royalties for his work.

"The letter to Dr. Hyde," he said, "is yours or any man's. I will never touch a penny of remuneration. I do not stick at murder; I draw the line at cannibalism. I could not eat a penny roll that piece of bludgeoning had gained for me."

The profits were sent direct from the publishers to the mission on Molokai. The letter effectively silenced Hyde and disposed for all time of any assaults on Father Damien's work or character. In later years Stevenson regretted its extreme violence, saying that he might have defended Damien without inflicting pain on those who were innocent, though he did not regret the letter.

Stevenson died late in 1894. Over him, at the request of Sosimo, his servant and friend, the Catholic prayers for the dead were recited all night long in Latin and Samoan.

And so for a while they rested on separate islands in the blue Pacific, awaiting the Judgment Day: Damien and Stevenson. They share the same requiem, for the lovely lines Stevenson wrote for his own epitaph, "Glad did I live and gladly die and I laid me down with a will," apply to both.



One of the beliefs of Klansmen a few years ago was that every time one man addressed another as "Mac" he was using a papist slogan for "Make America Catholic."

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (27 July '40).

They Reached for Beauty

By ELSIE ROBINSON

Stars over ash cans

Condensed from the column, *Listen World**

Strange creatures, we humans. Choosing slime, when we might have had the stars. Reaching for the stars when we seem lost in the slime! We were talking about it, my boss and I. Talking about those amazing gleams which sometimes flash across the drabness of our lives and open the door; on what?

There'd been the day when Jimmy Kilgallen's little girl was married. Remember her, young Dorothy, flying around the world, sending back her eager, round-eyed comments? Sweet kid.

But now she was entering a wider and more glorious world than human hands had ever mapped, and greater wings than ever supported a plane were spread beneath her trembling feet.

Lilies shining in a radiant bank about her, boyish voices weaving their ecstatic web of song, priests in golden vestments, offering their prayer. So young Dorothy walked down the aisle, toward her love and her God. And, for that instant, this world dissolved and heaven came very near.

It was then he saw them, said my boss.

"There was a shuffle over in a dark corner, by the blessed Virgin's shrine, and there they were: a huddle of those

queer old female derelicts who seem to hover about every wedding.

"What the devil had brought them there? They were strange to both bride and groom. One in particular I remember.

"Her hat was one of those flat and sorry affairs that lie on the top of ash cans. Her coat—or was it a shawl?—was a raveled, shapeless mass, greened by years of sun. Her face was weathered and worn.

"Her lips had fallen at the corners, as though something behind them had broken, under the long strain.

"And, over and over, her old, blotched claw of a hand kept pushing a trampish tag of gray hair that dangled over her ear.

"Poor fag end of flotsam, why had she come, I wondered. Could not be religion; she didn't seem to know how to act in a church. And there wasn't a bond between her and that radiant crowd. That dreadful old flap of a hat; it kept haunting me.

"Was she clutching, again, at one memory in her life that was still lovely? Was that why she wanted to see a swell wedding? Maybe if I caught up with her after Mass was over, slipped her 20 bucks for a new hat, gave her something that would make

*King Features Syndicate, Inc., 235 E. 45th St., New York City. June 28, 1940.

her feel like a woman once more. . . ."

My boss's voice faded, trailed off. He was looking out over the rooftops, across the endless abyss of human hurt and hunger, his mouth twisted in the old grin, trying to laugh off a pity he had no words to express. And looking at him, I knew the rest of the story.

A broken old woman who'd never, in all her dreary days, tasted the joyous abundance that should be every human's right. A wasted old wraith of a woman, creeping in at a side door, crouching by the blessed Virgin's shrine, looking, with starved eyes, on

the immortal beauty of God and love, walking beside a little girl, on her way to the altar.

Why had she come, that old woman in the ash-can hat? That was why she had come. To clutch at beauty, to reach toward God. To feel, for a moment, His promise and glory, and so be comforted.

That was why we all reached, as God and love walked by. And what if our rags were drabbed and our hats had gone astray? Surely His eyes could be seeing the hunger beneath those in rags!



A Man Dies

By MARY VAUGHN

Graceful exit

Condensed from the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament**

Jim Ryan died as a man ought to die. And in this day when dying is done so badly, Jim's death was somehow refreshing. Come to think of it his life was, too, but it took his dying to make us see it.

Not that his death had any of the stage properties of a dramatic exit. We merely awoke one morning to the news that Jim, who had been slapping us all on the back only the day before, was dead. A heart attack had taken him as he worked late at his books. Of course, everyone was duly shocked and

said how awful it was with him leaving 11 children, the two oldest girls in the convent, and the oldest boy in the seminary, and the mother a paralytic invalid, and a horde of young children.

And so everyone went to the house prepared with long faces, and not quite knowing what to say. But somehow it wasn't like a wake at all. It was unique, altogether astounding and, well, yes, inspirational. The children were all there, the little boys each in his blue Sunday suit, and the little girls

*194 E. 76th St., New York City. August, 1940.

each in starched Sunday dimity. The mother was confined to her room upstairs; for although the doctor had said she might attend the funeral, he ordered absolute quiet on the days preceding. So the older children received at the door, young Jim, home from the seminary, and Beth, 21, and Sue, 18. The two older girls had been permitted to come home from the convent and were on hand during the day. But their resignation was overmatched by the attitude of the mother and the three older children at home. Indeed, although they talked very fast lest tears break through, the sincere feeling of all of them was something more than resignation. Indeed, it approached almost a sort of jubilation. Their Daddy had gone home, and from a spiritual viewpoint, had gone home in fine style.

To understand the Ryans' attitude about death, it is necessary to know something of their philosophy of life. It was, of course, simply a genuinely Christian philosophy, but something becoming so rare as to seem a little amazing. The entire family would gather around the table each evening for grace. Nor was it said in that rushed mechanical sort of way in which so many of us sneak it in between serving and the first mouthful. It was said reverently before anyone sat down, that is, anyone except the mother. Jim Ryan before starting prayer would bow deferentially to her and say, "Remain seated, my queen." Indeed their life

together was one beautiful love story from the day they were married when he was a \$10-a-week clerk, up through the years as he worked himself into a splendid sales position which would have enabled a smaller family to live almost luxuriously. But the Ryans had preferred children. Jim and Mary delighted in each of them and, as it was, they managed comfortably. God had always seen to it that they were provided for. Indeed, Mrs. Ryan told the few intimate friends who were allowed to see her in the days immediately following Jim's death that the Lord had always looked after their temporal as well as their spiritual concerns. "Wasn't it providential," she said with child-like simplicity, "but you know I had a permanent the day Jim died."

To one less spiritually naive such things may perhaps be a bit of an enigma. In fact, one may even be at a complete loss to understand the Ryans with their life of laughter and song and prayer. They used to gather around the piano for hours of rollicking music, and likewise they gathered also for regular family prayer. Company was pressed into both pursuits as an accepted thing. The house was always crowded with young people, and Jim and his wife always welcomed them and made them feel a part of the family. For example, one evening when a young swain without a car came to call on one of the girls and take her to a dance, Jim insisted that

it was too much trouble for the young folks to take a street car. "Come, Mother," he said, "you and I will take a ride," and calling a taxi he and Mary drove down to the dance with the children, left them there and rode back home again with Jim footing the cab bill.

It would be hard to find a family more deeply imbued with the joy of living, and no man was more of a hail-well-met fellow than Jim Ryan. He liked his beer and knew how to drink wisely, but he was charity and solicitude itself towards his friends who were less blessed with discretion. When the Ryans gave a party, ice cream and cake were served in the dining room, but the liquid refreshments were kept in Jim's own room upstairs. He only invited those to drink who could take it. His best friend, Tom Kelly, he never asked to have a drink, and once when someone commented on the fact, Jim simply laughed and said, "Oh! It wouldn't be good for Tom. It might give him the notion to go out and walk the back fence."

Yes, the whole family was both good and gay. Religion wasn't paraded. It was simply woven into each day's existence whether the schedule called for a riotous family picnic or taking part in some religious rally. It was simply that the Ryans saw, as very few people do, life in its proper perspective. They had caught the true relationship between time and eternity.

And it was with this outlook that they accepted Jim's death. He had gone home to be rewarded, nay, to be crowned. They would lavish prayers upon him, of course, but there was no doubt as to his ultimate achievement. "You know," Sue told us as we stood beside the casket, "Daddy always stopped into the monastery chapel each night on his way home, and he went to Mass and Communion every morning. Last night he called on one of the Fathers whom he knew well and asked him to hear his confession. Said he wanted to make a general one, that it would be his last. Father tried to tell him otherwise, but Daddy insisted, and when they had finished, thanked him for his kindness and bade him goodbye." She paused for breath. In fact this rapidity with which they were talking was the only evidence the Ryan children gave that they were making any fight. It was as if they were perhaps afraid that the human impulse to cry might assert itself. They were so terribly proud of their father and of the way he died, and yet they loved him so dearly and were going to miss him so much.

"Then he came home," Sue continued her story, "and went into his little office here at the house. You know, I always acted as his secretary and he dictated some letters to me. Daddy always worked so hard for us all. In the midst of dictating he stopped and gasped for breath and said

he had a sharp pain in his heart. And then before I could do anything, he slumped over and was gone. The doctor said he had had a heart attack. But wasn't that a beautiful way to die?"

And so Jim had gone. He was a member of a Third Order, but the Ryans with characteristic good judgment declined to have him buried in a habit, saying that so many of Daddy's business associates wouldn't understand. God would know why this way was best, they reasoned.

And so without Jim the Ryans go forward. They manage as they have always managed, are happy as they have always been happy in living life as it was meant to be lived and facing death as it was meant to be faced. No, the oldest boy didn't come home from the seminary to support the family. He is going to keep right on although he does help out by working during the

summer. One of the older girls is working and the other cares for the mother, and the company for which Jim worked has provided part-time employment for the two boys who are still in high school.

Jim saw to it that his family was well provided with insurance, but they are not going to let that dwindle away. Instead they are going to use a part of it to purchase a big old house which they found for sale cheap and which will provide them with shelter without the problem of rent. The girl who stays at home caring for her mother is even planning to be married. Jim would want it that way. And so life goes on, life as Jim Ryan taught his family to live it. The mother has improved enough to get to Mass mornings and there she and the children and Jim are united again in the beautiful communion of saints.



Humanized

Before I became a Catholic, I always marveled at the trainmen. Their time was more than well filled through their long journey from upper New York down to the very tip of Manhattan at Battery Park. They opened the gates at each station, only a few short minutes apart. They hustled the people off and on at each station. They opened the door of each car to call out the next stop but a few blocks away; answered the questions of out-of-towners about city directions, but never once did those trainmen, who were Catholics, forget to tip their hats in passing the Catholic churches along the route, in tribute to the Real Presence within. That one moment of reverence turned them into spiritual beings, before the clang-clang of the bell, for the next stop, made them automatons of the train again.

Anita Browne in the *Epistle* (Spring '40).

Hierarchy

By MORTIMER J. ADLER

Condensed from a brochure*

Peace obtains in any multitude when the many are united in good order. Peace is order and order is in essence hierarchy, for order arises from equality and inequality among things.

But peace need not abolish change and motion. Rest is peace in its ultimate realization; but there can be peace in this world of changing things. The life of man or of society is a motion. The problem is one of harmonizing the concurrent motions of many things. Men seem to succeed only at the expense of others: they move up in the world by pushing others down. So nations seem to rise and fall by competitive struggle, by conflict and war.

But each man and each nation can achieve its destiny without destroying everything in its path, or nullifying the destiny of others. Within the amplitude of divine providence, which permits men to seek their ends freely, all of these free motions of men and nations can occur together in peace. The possibility of such an order is expressed by a single scriptural text, much cited by St. Basil, St. Augustine and St. Thomas, from the Book of Wisdom (XI, 21): "Thou hast ordered all things in measure and number and weight." Or, as St. Thomas so fre-

quently reiterates the same text, phrasing it differently, "God disposes all things in number, weight, and measure."

Even if the present war concludes with victory on the side of right, nothing will have been achieved unless we who survive the conflict have a clear enough understanding of peace to know the difference between a mere cessation of violence and a positive program for peace.

The scientist is concerned with the number of things and their weight and measure, but when he considers the number of things he goes from one extreme to the other. Either that number is a vast infinity of things exceeding comprehension or it is unity, by the reduction of all things to merely accidentally different aspects of the same.

If the scientist considers the world as something to weigh and measure, he thinks of it in terms of quantity. Professor Shapley of Harvard University Observatory once attempted to arrange everything in the universe in a scale based on their weights and sizes, from the smallest atomic particle to the largest galaxy of stars. The interesting fact he discovered was that man came just about at the middle of the series,

**St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn. 1940.*

midway in size between the least particle of matter and the largest galaxy of stars. That fact, as Professor Shapley recorded it, is unintelligible, for what is the meaning of man's being at the midpoint in size?

For the explication of the vision of hierarchy, I can do no better than to give St. Augustine's interpretation of the text from the Book of Wisdom. He says: "Measure fixes the abode of everything, number gives it its species, and weight gives it rest and stability."

Number stands for species or form, and measure or mode is antecedent thereto, as weight, and order according to weight, is consequent. In other words, in the ordering of things something comes before the species or number and this is its mode or measure. There is here a fine convergence of the text from Scripture and the wisdom of the philosopher. Aristotle says that the species of things can be compared to numbers, which differ in species by the addition or subtraction of unity. St. Thomas follows him in saying that species are like numbers; for a unit added to or taken away from a definition changes its species. Think for a moment of the integral numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. Each of these numbers differs by the addition of a unit or the subtraction of a unit. So, St. Thomas tells us, the species of things are like numbers in that each is above or below another by the addition or subtraction of a grade of perfection in being.

It is a startling fact that one can number all created things. Thus viewed, it is not a vast universe. It is a relatively small universe when we consider things according to measure and number. The basic distinction in all created things *according to mode* is between incorporeal or spiritual being and corporeal substance. In the spiritual realm, there are three hierarchies of being and in each three orders, making nine modes of angelic being in all: seraphim, cherubim, thrones; dominations, virtues, powers; principalities, archangels and angels. And in each of these nine modes there are many species, for each angel is an individual species and in all this vast multitude of angels there are not two angels equal in being. There is no more startling or interesting fact than that, among spiritual creatures, *there are not two equal things*. Each angel is different by being a species, and each is higher or lower than every other angel by reason of the possession of more knowledge and more love, or less knowledge and less love. This inequality of angels is significant for consideration of individual differences among men.

There are two modes of corporeal being: the mode of living things and of things which are dead and inert. In these two modes, there are but five species, five numbers of things. In the mode of the non-living, there are but *element* and *mixture*. In the mode of

the living, there are but *plant, brute animal* and *man*. Beneath these species—for these are the numbers of corporeal things—there are many sub-species or infra-specific, accidental classes. All the things that the scientists tell us are “species,” and the scientists have numbered 1½ million “species” in the field of living things, are only accidental classes. Though it may seem paradoxical, in the domain of plants an orchid and an onion are only accidentally different, as in the domain of animals an oyster and an elephant differ only accidentally. And in this order of all created things, man again is found at the midpoint, but now in a different way from that in which Professor Shapley located him as at the median in size. According to St. Thomas, man is at the midpoint of creation because, as a rational animal, he is on the borderline of the corporeal and spiritual realms, participating in the nature of both. Because he has this peculiar status of being on the borderline of corporeal and spiritual things, there is about man one other distinction, namely, that one man differs from another individually, not merely because of the accidents of matter, but because each individual human soul is a special creation, and not a product of generation. That is why individual souls, when they assume their saintly posts, can occupy discrete places in the heavenly hierarchy, each higher or lower.

In the world of man himself, we find

a hierarchy also. The generic powers of men are ordered as higher and lower. Within these generic powers, there are specific powers ordered as higher and lower. The virtues, by which these powers are perfected, are divided into two modes, the supernatural and natural. Within the supernatural, there is faith and hope and charity and of these the greatest is charity.

So also among the natural virtues there is an order; the cardinal virtues are supreme, and among them there is the order of prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance.

In the intellectual virtues there is an order: understanding is for the sake of science and science for wisdom. Within the field of knowledge itself there is an order. We pass from lower to higher degrees of knowledge: from history to science, from science to philosophy, from philosophy to theology, to mystical wisdom, and ultimately to the vision of God. And within philosophy itself there is an order: the gradation of physics, mathematics and metaphysics. And within metaphysics there is an order of first principles and conclusions. So too, in all practical goods, there is an order; for some goods are external, and antecedent to happiness, some goods are of the body, and instrumental to happiness, and some are of the soul, and constitutive of happiness.

The task of human wisdom is to find order in things. The task can be performed because God created things in

order and hence the inequality of things.

The grades of being are correlative with the grades of goodness. Each thing has as much goodness as it has being; this leads us to the vision of hierarchy in the field of morals.

The contemporary world looks upon all values as man-made measures of higher and lower. They are all relative to time and place. Equality and liberty are prized more than distinction and order. In the world in which we live, quantity is almost the only standard; our world is one in which getting ahead means beating your neighbor. In the political realm there is, on the one hand, the extreme of liberalism which views government as a necessary evil, incompatible with freedom and equality; and, on the other hand, the extreme of totalitarianism, in which government is the great equalizer, absorbing everything into itself.

As compared to these two errors, let us examine what the vision of hierarchy helps us to see in the moral order. Boethius defines happiness as the state of those who possess in aggregate all good things. It is a perfect definition, but not easy to understand because it is hard to understand how one will or can possess all good things. The vision of hierarchy helps to interpret this truth: all good things can be possessed only if one possesses them in due proportion and in the right order. There is no more profound truth than that too much of a good thing is

bad. One must have good things not only in proportion, but according to the order of their excellence. There is the possibility of happiness in the fact that all goods can be well ordered: as man moves to his last end, he does so by a progression of steps, in which means are ordered to ends at every level.

There is also hierarchy in the political order. Government is founded on the inequality of men, not on their equality. The good society is hierarchical. It is not an organization of equal men, but of unequal orders of men. It is a society of perfect peace and freedom, of peace through order and freedom through government. Government is the ordering of the inferior by the superior. There is an equality of men, but it is not absolute. It is only the equality of common membership in the human species. Individually, men are unequal. Their basic inequalities are proportional to the differences in their qualities, and to say so is not to be untrue to American traditions and institutions. John Adams was fond of quoting a line from Pope which compactly expressed the vision of hierarchy: "All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace."

Now this vision of hierarchy has a personal significance for each individual. It is not merely a magnificently comprehensive view of creation. It is a view which concerns the personal destiny of each of us. Just as mode or measure is a determinant antecedent to

form (number of species) so weight is consequent thereto, and it is that expression of our being which resides in our individual differences. To understand this we must understand ourselves as moving, because it is as individuals that we move. Consider a relatively simple truth about the motion of stones. All terrestrial bodies have gravity. Gravity means that they are all moving toward one place, the center of the earth. That place is the term of the motion of all terrestrial bodies. As these bodies move toward this place, something happens to their weight. Relative to the mass of a body it becomes lighter as it nears the center of the earth. Nobody actually achieves this; and if anybody did, all the other bodies could not, because all the bodies tend toward one place and therefore tend to exclude each other.

In the motion of bodies there is competition and exclusion. Now there is a threefold difference between the gravity of men and the gravity of stones: (1) Whereas all stones move toward the same place, the individual soul of each man moves toward its own proper place in the hierarchy of things. Hence, whereas stones exclude one another from achieving their ultimate goal, every man can achieve his goal. (2) Stones do not exercise their motion freely: they move according to the impact of external forces; but men operate freely. (3) Although stones get lighter as they approach their goal, human

beings get heavier. The inequality of men in the divine creation is the cause of each having a proper place, but each of us, however, like a stone, may be nearer to or farther from his proper place. There are, therefore, two sorts of inequality among men: their inequality by nature, that is, by birth; and the inequality due to the use of their freedom, according to the fullness or emptiness of their actions, and the degree to which they attain their ends thereby.

It is a hard thing for most people to accept the fact that men are unequal. If one keeps the vision of hierarchy before him, that each is higher or lower in being and in goodness, he will live vigorously, but not competitively. He will strive for his own perfection without disorganizing society and sacrificing others to his ambition or greed. He will find in his own proper end the only true measure of success. He will be well-tempered in himself, and will be able to live in concord with others. The simple rule is never to rest in less than you can be, because fullness of weight is the only measure of true happiness. But never should one strive to be more than somebody else, because no one else is a measure of another's perfection. This is the wisdom of the *Divine Comedy*.

One who keeps the vision of hierarchy before him will never forget the two precepts of charity: love God, and thy neighbor as thyself.

A Memory of Catholic Germany

By "OUIDA"

The snows of yesteryear

Condensed from the *Catholic Virginian**

New Munich (Hitler's), striving to be Rome, is monotonous and tiresome, but old Munich was quaint and humble, historical and romantical, with its wooden pavements underfoot, and its clouds of doves overhead; indeed, it had so much beauty of its own, like an illuminated Missal or golden goblet of the Middle Ages, that it seems incredible to think that any man could ever have had the heart to send the hammers of masons against it, and set up bald walls of plaster in its stead.

Wandering in old Munich—there is not much of it left, alas—is like reading a melancholy ballad. It has somber nooks and corners, bright gleams of stained casements, bold oriels, and sculptured shields, arcades and arches, towers and turrets, light and shade, harmony and irregularity.

It is easy to forget the present and to think that one is still in the old days with the monks, tranquil in their work-rooms and the sound of battle all over the lands around them.

It was Corpus Christi day in Munich and the whole city, the new and the old, had hung itself with garlands and draperies, pictures and evergreens, flags and tapestries, and the grand procession had passed to and from the church, and the archbishop had blessed

the people, and the king had bared his handsome head to the sun and the Holy Ghost. It was all over for the year, and the people were all happy and satisfied and sure that God was with them and their town, especially the people of the old quarters, who most loved and clung to these ceremonies and feasts: good God-fearing families, laboring hard, living honestly and wholesomely, gay also in a quiet, mirthful, innocent fashion, much such people as their forefathers were before them, in days when Gustavus Adolphus called their city the golden saddle on the lean horse.

The lean horse, by which he meant the sterile plains, which yield little except hay, looks rich with verdure in the mellow afternoon light, when midsummer is come, and the whole populace, men, women, and children, on Sundays and feast days pour out of the city gates eagerly to their own little festivities under the cherry trees of the little blue and white coffeehouses along the course of the river, when the bean-flowers are in bloom.

Out of the old city you go easily beyond the walls to the gray glacier water of the "fast-flowing Isar," not red with blood now as after Hohenlinden, but brilliant and boisterous always,

*Richmond, Va. September, 1940.

with washerwomen leaning over it with bare arms, and dogs wading where rushes and dams break the current, and the hay blowing breast-high along the banks, and the students chasing the girls through it, and every now and then upon the wind the music of a guitar, light and dancing, or sad and slow, according to the player's heart.

At this season Bavaria grows green, and all is fresh and radiant. Outside the town all the country is a sheet of cherry blossom and clover. Night and day, carts full of merry-makers rattle

out under the alders to the dancing places amongst the pastures, or to the *Sommerfrischen* of their country friends.

Whoever has a *kreuzer* to spend will have a draft of beer and a whiff of the lilac-scented air, and the old will sit down and smoke their painted pipes under the eaves of their favorite *Gasthof*, and the young will roam with their best-loved maidens through the shadows of the *Anlagen*, or still farther on under the high beech trees of *Grosshesslohe*.

Deportment Department

If you are going to have any kind of an operation, be sure to make it known that you are a Catholic. Not that you expect the worst, but you should be prepared for the worst.

An aside to the standers-in-the-rear: It's much less embarrassing to sit down before the Mass begins than to receive a public invitation from the altar after the Mass has begun. When you flock down the aisle then, you do look sheepish and silly.

Rosary swingers can make a church take on the aspect during Mass of a circus tent during the aerial acts—and sound like an invasion of woodpeckers. They should use rosaries with rubber beads. Better still, a prayer book. Best, a missal. The Mass is *not* a private devotion.

Even if you're an aviator, confine the three-point landing to the airport. Elbow-knee-rudder positions in church are ungraceful, to say the least.

A non-Catholic described the sign of the cross as "a scratch on the sternum." Was it you he was watching?

When you come to church, bring your bones with you. Kneel, stand and sit straight; with dignity befitting the Sacramental Presence of God.

A parish worker stands at your front door. You can help make his, or her, job a less thankless one. Treat him with courtesy. Even if he's soliciting for *your* parish bazaar. How would *you* like to tramp streets in heat and cold and wet, push doorbells, and have doors slammed in your face?

[Readers are requested to report instances of bad deportment.—Editor.]

Jim Farley Retires

By JAMES L. KILGALLEN

Knight in a sack suit

Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal**

I know of no man in public life in America today who is more respected by the rich and poor, the famous and the obscure, than James A. Farley, affectionately known to millions as just plain "Jim."

From a poor, Catholic family living in the town of Grassy Point, N. Y., he came up the hard way, and by dint of work, application, and brain power, rose steadily in public esteem so that ultimately his name became a household word. For years he has been one of the greatest political figures of our time. More than anyone else, he was responsible for the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932, and again in 1936.

Jim Farley held the post of Democratic national chairman for almost a decade, and as postmaster general in President Roosevelt's cabinet, he performed his work in a manner highly creditable to the Roosevelt administration. Everything Jim turned his hand to, he did well.

And so, when August, 1940, found him turning from politics to private business, everybody, Democrats and Republicans alike, wished him well and predicted nothing for him but continued success.

When times were hard for the Farley

family years ago, young Jim found it necessary to tend bar in his home town, and his kind, gentle-mannered mother was a bit worried that her son's contact with life might affect him in the wrong way. She taught Jim to be good, honest, always attend Mass on Sundays and to go to Holy Communion regularly.

Today, at the age of 52, Jim Farley is happily married, a typically good Catholic man. He lives with his wife, "Bess," and their three children at 1040 5th Ave., New York City. His children are Betty, aged 18, Ann, 15, and Jim, 12.

It is a common sight on Sunday to see the Farley family strolling from their Fifth-Ave. home to St. Ignatius Loyola Church on E. 84th St. They are "just folks," and there is nothing about any of them to suggest that the fame which came to the head of the family has set them apart from the people with whom they come in contact. The Farleys, in every sense of the word, are democratic.

Jim Farley became a big enough man to have his name presented to the 1940 Democratic National Convention in Chicago as a candidate for the presidency of the U. S. He polled 79.9 votes, second to Mr. Roosevelt himself.

*Lexington Ave. at 65th St., New York City. September, 1940.

One of the proudest moments of Farley's life came when 82-year-old Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, a lifelong Democrat, presented his name in nomination. It was easy to see by the real, heartfelt cheers that went up in the Chicago stadium how affectionately the delegates regarded "Genial Jim." If Mr. Roosevelt's name had not been presented to the convention, it is certain that Farley would have polled hundreds of votes more than he did. He might well have been nominated for president, or at least for vice president, had not Roosevelt decided to run for a 3rd term.

I was on the platform when Jim Farley went before the microphone, gave up his 79 votes, and moved the renomination of Roosevelt be made "by acclamation." I am sure that was one of the most thrilling episodes for Farley in his entire political career.

I sat a few feet away and noticed the mist in the eyes of his daughter, Betty. "I'm so proud of Dad," was all she could say. And she wasn't alone. It seemed that every one of the 25,000 men and women in the convention hall were proud of her dad, too.

Farley emerged from the 1940 Democratic National Convention a bigger figure than at any time in his long career as a politician. In a way, he almost "stole the show," even though President Roosevelt was renominated.

Jim Farley is a man who possesses qualities many politicians lack. Above

all he is true to himself, to his honest conception of right and wrong. He is a square shooter, loyal to the core: a man who wouldn't stoop to do the slightest underhand act. One of the reasons for Farley's great success is his memory for faces, names and events.

Newspapermen, who are close to him on all kinds of occasions and who view him with unbiased eyes, know Farley is on the level. They have known it for years. He has never double-crossed them, never denied a story he has given, no matter what the public reception. He has treated writers on Republican papers with as much consideration and friendliness as those employed by Democratic publications. He plays no favorites.

"I make it a policy to tell the truth," Jim says. He found it to be a good formula.

His word is no scrap of paper. If he promises to do something, it is a gilt-edged guarantee that he will do it. He is perhaps the most humane man in American public life today.

His humaneness was illustrated by an incident during the recent Chicago convention. His headquarters was crowded all the time with America's greatest reporters, Washington political writers on papers all over the country. Into those headquarters came a cub, an 18-year-old chap with bright red hair, Bob Kubicek, reporter for the *Oak Leaves*, a weekly published at Oak Park, Ill.

Kubicek was looking for a ticket for the convention. The big shots in the newspaper game had long since reserved theirs, and had them. When young Kubicek entered the publicity office of the Democratic National Committee on his mission, he was quietly but firmly eased out the nearest door without much ceremony.

Farley happened to come along the corridor. He sensed the youth was in a dilemma. He asked the boy, "What's the trouble, son?"

Kubicek, a bit awed, told him.

"Follow me," said Jim.

He led him to his own private office, opened a drawer in his desk and produced not only a book of tickets for every session of the convention, but a press badge as well.

That incident illustrates Farley and the bigness of his heart. It shows why he is spoken of as the "man with a million friends."

I have attended many press conferences with the bigwigs of politics and others high in public and private life, but I have never seen what I saw at Farley's press conferences in Chicago. Time and again the press, composed of a good portion of cynics, applauded him when he entered the room. And applauded the answers he gave to some of their questions. When you find 300 or 400 newspapermen acting in concert in this manner it is truly amazing.

After the convention was over, the press of the nation gave him a recep-

tion. It was unlike any I have ever attended. Newspapermen had made train and plane reservations, but they cancelled them to attend the party. It was the kind of "So long, good luck, Jim" reception that I doubt any other man in public life could have drawn.

The press gave him several presents, including a wrist watch and a first baseman's mitt set upon a plaque. (Jim used to be a first baseman in his sandlot days, and there was talk, now that he was virtually retiring from politics, that he was going to become president of the New York American League Baseball Club.) There were speeches, from the newspaper boys and from Jim, and it was easy to see how they felt toward each other.

Farley's future, the newspapermen agreed, was assured no matter what he turned his hand to. They said he just couldn't miss. For, regardless of what Farley undertakes, he does it well. He is thorough, a great organizer, an indefatigable worker. His habits are good. As I have stated, he doesn't drink intoxicating liquor, nor does he smoke. When under tension, he chews gum. It is a common procedure for him to work 12 and 14 hours a day. He sometimes dictates to half a dozen stenographers at one sitting. He can confer with 50 persons an hour, and they will all go away satisfied that he has given them a hearing.

Farley feels that no matter how much he has given of himself to the

Democratic party it was well worth while. He has been repaid by the great satisfaction he has gotten out of politics.

But politics has not repaid Farley financially. He has a family to consider. He must think of their future. Government salaries, as a rule, are below those paid in private industry, and private industry has been after Jim with offers of big, high-paying positions.

Like scores of reporters who have known him intimately for many years, I wish him well and feel he will make good in all his undertakings. He will carry into his new endeavors a wise head, a great brain, a lovable humanness and great strength of character.

A fine Catholic man, Jim Farley; a credit to the Catholic Church, a man of unwavering faith who lives up to his faith in the true Catholic manner.



School Goes to Pupils

And then happened one of those little catastrophes that so often seem to dog the first steps of a good work. In 1935 there came a typhoon to Lingayen in the Philippines and the little nipa chapel was swept into the sea. When Father McDevitt took over the high-school work a few years later, there was still nothing to mark the spot where it stood but a pool of brackish sea water.

But the work went on in the face of old and new difficulties. He could always count on a small attendance at his regular classes in the school, but the problem was to reach the hundreds of others who could not or would not come. If he hoped to reach these at all, it could only be done by organizing classes for them in their boarding houses or dormitories.

And so for two years, evening after evening, he has tramped the streets, with a blackboard strapped to his back, to hold classes in some of the dozen centers set up for any lads of the neighborhood who might care to come.

And they did come. Wherever they had the opportunity, they came 100% and those who had not the opportunity felt that they had a grievance. The public-school principal and teachers have at last been converted to the idea of religious instruction in their classrooms, for they found that those who had the best records in their religion classes were also their best pupils.

E. J. McCarthy in the *Far East* (Sept. '40).

Yodeling in the Alps

By FREDERICK T. SHORT

For crying out loud

Condensed from *Light**

A peculiarity of yodeling is that it cracks and ruins the voice for legitimate music. The constant changing from chest to head tone and reversing, so prettily and skilfully done by the cowherds in the various cantons of Switzerland, spoils the natural voice and renders it incapable of singing naturally.

The traveler through Switzerland always pauses and listens with delight, however, when his path through the hills and mountains takes him near the melodious chanting and humming of the shepherd or cowherd who minds his animals on the mountainside, while amusing himself with a yodeling melody.

The yodel is never taught, and there is no method of learning it. It has no regular school of music, and yet a Swiss can improvise all day, constantly changing and forming new harmonies and melodies as he passes from one mood to another.

The children seem to be born with yodeling voices. Without instruction or teaching from anyone, they develop a natural aptitude for making harmonious improvisations. Their ears are their only tuning forks, and they pick up the process used by their elders without

a self-conscious attempt to learn it.

Although yodelers are found in all the Swiss Alps, a considerable number of good ones live in the Canton de Berne, the Canton de Vaud, in French Switzerland, and practically in all of German Switzerland. The yodeling solo is delightful in itself, but when three or four good voices get together in one of the little wooden chalets, the effect is a marvelous blend and harmony, the improvising never conflicting with the singing.

There seem to be no regular syllables for yodeling, each singer varying in tune and tone according to his natural bent, but all in accord and rhythm. Some of the more serious patriotic songs of these hard mountaineer folk provide in the refrain for a measure or two of yodeling at intervals and attempt to indicate the yodel, but among these mountain folk there exist no set compositions for yodeling.

One is somewhat disappointed, however, when one of these people attempts a song or composition of a more serious nature, as the general rule is that the voice breaks and cracks and contains many rough spots that cannot be smoothed over, due to the broken range of the yodel.

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The Laity and Papal Elections

History of how it was done

By STEPHEN McKENNA, C.S.S.R.

Condensed from *Light**

A dogma of faith is that Christ entrusted the primacy in the Church to St. Peter and his lawful successors, the bishops of Rome. The pope, therefore, combines the office of bishop with that of supreme ruler of the Catholic Church. Since that day, about the year 67 A. D. when St. Peter was crucified head downward, 261 men have ascended the papal throne. While the papacy has ever been an elective office, the method of election has varied considerably in the course of centuries. The part which the laity has played on such occasions forms an interesting page of papal history and reveals the unflinching watchfulness of God over His Church.

The pope's supreme authority over the whole Church was acknowledged and exercised from the beginning, yet for a long time he was elected in the same way as any other bishop. The procedure in the beginning seems to have been as follows:

All the clergy and laity of the city after mature deliberation would agree upon the fitness of a certain man for the highest office in Christendom. They would then present him to the bishops and to the priests in charge of the more important churches of the city. As far as can be ascertained, the two latter groups invariably ratified the choice of

the lower clergy and laity. The person selected as pope was always a cleric. In fact, during the whole course of Church history there is only one or, at most, two instances when a layman was chosen to rule the Church.

The early Church permitted the laity to play this important part in the papal elections for two very good reasons. First, the people were more willing to obey the pope to whose elevation they had consented. Secondly, this method prevented the election of unworthy pontiffs.

The disadvantage of these popular elections, however, became quickly apparent when the Church emerged from the catacombs to become in a short time the dominating religion of Rome. Some of the new converts to Catholicism had but a thin veneer of Christianity and do not seem to have realized the spiritual significance of the papal office. Moreover, since the earliest days of Roman history, the nobles and plebeians were bitter enemies, and the antagonism between the two classes persisted even into Christian times. As a result, the papal elections of the late 4th and 5th centuries were often accompanied by disorder and led to the election of antipopes and schism.

In the year 418 the two rival factions

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in the city elected their own pope. It was then that the emperor of the West felt it his duty to put an end to these recurring public disorders. He cited the two claimants for the papacy before him under threat of severe civil penalties. Later on, when the schism had ended, he gave orders that in the future no one should be recognized as pope unless he had received the unanimous vote of the electors.

The barbarian invasions which destroyed the political and social structure of western Europe led to an entirely new development in the history of the papacy. For almost a century the emperors of Constantinople and the Germanic Ostrogoths struggled for control of the Italian peninsula. Both opponents realized the importance of the papacy and brought pressure to bear upon the clergy and laity of the city to choose a man favorable to them. The result was the election of antipopes and confusion in the Church. To correct this state of affairs the popes of the time proposed two remedies. One was to do away entirely with all lay influence in papal elections. When this plan failed, Pope Boniface II in 530, hoping to put an end to all disturbances after his death, issued a decree appointing a certain Vigilius as his coadjutor with the right of succession. But the storm of protest which this radical innovation evoked caused Boniface himself to revoke and burn the decree the following year. No other pope has

ever revived the plan of Boniface II which would have exposed the Church to the danger of becoming hereditary within a family.

The struggle between the Ostrogoths and the eastern empire ended with the reestablishment of the Byzantine power in Italy. The reigning emperor, Justinian, took advantage of this victory to assert his domination of the papacy. In a law of 536 he declared that no one elected pope could be consecrated until he had received the approbation of the eastern emperor. This arbitrary usurpation of authority resulted in long vacancies in the Holy See due to the slowness of travel between Rome and Constantinople and to the interminable red tape of the Byzantine court.

The 8th and 9th centuries witnessed the definite disappearance of the Byzantine power in Rome, the formation of the Papal States, and the creation of the Holy Roman Empire under Charlemagne. These epoch-making events turned the whole course of the Church's history and had a marked influence upon the election of the popes. The unscrupulous nobles of Rome saw in the temporal sovereignty of the popes an ideal opportunity for enriching their family fortunes. Once more the papal elections became times of disturbance. The Carolingian emperor, Lothair, as the official protector of the Holy See, intervened in the interests of public order and obtained the same rights as Justinian over the election of

the pope. But towards the end of the 9th century the empire of Charlemagne disintegrated and the papacy again came under the complete domination of the Roman nobility.

There now began a century and a half during which the papacy sank to its lowest depths. The leading families of Rome placed their relatives and supporters on the papal throne. Some of these popes were deposed, others died in prison, and antipopes, set up by rival families, added to the general confusion. Otto the Great in 962 checked the power of the nobility by annexing Rome to his kingdom. He set an evil precedent for his successors, however, by deposing the reigning pontiff and selecting a layman to rule the Church.

But the men whom Otto and later emperors of Germany placed on the papal throne aroused the hostility of the Romans. Consequently when troubles in Germany prevented the rulers from enforcing their will at Rome it was comparatively easy for the nobles to regain control of the Holy See. With the popes so helpless it was inevitable that abuses should arise throughout the whole of Christendom. Had the Church been a merely human institution it would certainly have perished during the chaos of the 10th and 11th centuries.

As His instrument of reform, God chose a native of Tuscany named Hildebrand, the outstanding ecclesiastic of the 11th century. Hildebrand realized

that the liberation of the papacy from secular control must precede any general reformation of the Church. At his suggestion Pope Nicholas II in 1059 had the law enacted by which the cardinals alone became the papal electors; he merely allowed the emperor of Germany and lower clergy and laity of Rome to ratify their choice. This is the most important legislation in the history of papal elections. Since the cardinals were chosen from the different nations, the election of the pope became the concern of all Christendom.

The 13th century witnessed further progress in freeing the papacy from all secular influences. During the actual election of a pope the cardinals mingled with the world and thus it was easy for a powerful ruler of Italy to persuade some of them to vote for the candidate whom he favored. As a two-thirds majority was thus difficult to obtain, the papal elections were unduly protracted and there were long periods during which the Church was without a sovereign. The longest of these vacancies was from 1268 to 1271. The people of Viterbo where the cardinals were then assembled decided upon a bold move to end the deadlock. They forced the cardinals to stay together in one room, forbade anyone to enter or leave, restricted their nourishment to bread and water, and took the roof off the house that they might experience the inclemencies of the weather. The plan succeeded and the cardinals speed-

ily elected a new head of the Church.

The pope thus chosen, Gregory X, was impressed with the success of the novel scheme and gave substantial approval to it in a decree of 1274. The main provisions were that during the conclave the cardinals were to live together in one place, to have no communication with the outside world and to devote themselves exclusively to the election of a new pope. If within three days no pope had been chosen, the cardinals were to be given only one dish of food at dinner and supper for the next five days; after this time they were to receive only bread, water and wine until a pope was elected.

Even though the new arrangement succeeded in hastening the election of the popes, it did not put an end to all outside influences. But the clearest proof of later secular influence upon the papal elections was the veto, or right of excluding certain cardinals from the papacy.

This veto arose from motives of political expediency. From the 13th century up until modern times, the Catholic nations of France, Spain and Austria often sought to annex Italy to their crown. In their opinion it was of vital importance that the occupant of the Holy See should not hinder their schemes. Hence when a papal election was being held the rulers informed the conclave of the candidates to whose election they were opposed.

The sovereign pontiffs, however,

never admitted the legality of this veto. They regarded it as an abuse detrimental to the independence and best interests of the Church, and the source of much acrimonious discussion during the conclaves. The strongest condemnation of this lay intervention came after the conclave of 1903 in which the Austrian government had voiced its opposition to Cardinal Rampolla, the secretary of state during the pontificate of Leo XIII. Pius X in the constitution, *Vacante Sede Apostolica*, forbade any civil ruler to interfere in any way whatsoever with the election of a pope; he inflicted the sentence of excommunication upon a cardinal who during a conclave would let it be known that his sovereign opposed a certain candidate's election. This decree had the desired effect, and the three conclaves held since its publication have been entirely free of secular interference.

The long struggle of the Church to free itself of all secular domination is an indirect recognition of the part which the papacy has played in human affairs down through the centuries. No one can fail to recognize the hand of God in the victory which the Church has ultimately won. For at the present time the human element in a papal election is reduced to a minimum. The cardinals are men selected for their intellectual and moral attainments; only after prayer and a solemn oath to vote for the most worthy candidates does the balloting actually begin.

Bread Alone

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN

Condensed from *Our Sunday Visitor**

Job for patriots

To restore God to His place of honor in all the classrooms of our land constitutes the greatest need in American life today. With God exiled from 90% of our schools, the youth of America are growing up in ignorance of the Being who alone gives meaning to human existence.

If they do not know God they do not understand themselves nor the purpose for which they have been created. Life becomes for them a maze in which they grope about in a confused and bewildered way until the final darkness descends upon them.

All the costly buildings which we erect, and all the equipment which we provide for education, will constitute a sorry investment if we exclude God and the teachings of Christ from the curriculum. God is the basis of the moral law and the only foundation of enduring character.

Britain today is realizing these truths as never before. She has discovered that her people have drifted from their Christian moorings into a state of veneered paganism. Why? Primarily because for several generations her youth have grown up without that systematic instruction in religion which alone could make them intelligent and practical Christians.

This fact was publicly acknowledged in an editorial in *The Times* of London, which stirred national interest and provoked international attention.† "In a country professedly Christian," ran the editorial, "and a country which at the moment is staking its all in defense of Christian principles, there is a system of national education which allows the citizens of the future to have a purely heathen upbringing."

At the time this editorial appeared, the writer was at Oxford University. At this, the leading university in Britain and perhaps the most renowned in the English-speaking world, the truth of the editorial was generally recognized. The students coming up to the University were versed in all fields save religion.

Religion is not something which one imbibes from the air. If one is to know the religion of Christ, he must be taught it and he must study it. He must be taught it, not in a haphazard manner at an occasional Sunday-school class, but in the same systematic manner in which the other important subjects in the curriculum are taught.

The notion that religious instruction is altogether the affair of the churches and not in any way the concern of

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, June, 1940, p. 21.

*Huntington, Ind. Sept. 1, 1940.

the state is false and mischievous. "It is mischievous," says the editorial in *The Times*, "because it encourages the fallacy that essential education can be completed by secular instruction alone, and that the teaching of religion is merely a kind of optional supplement. The truth, of course, is that religion must form the very basis of any education worth the name, and that education with religion omitted is not really education at all."

Will America profit by the experience of Britain? We have much the same system of public education which has over a somewhat longer time brought the English public into a veneered paganism. Like causes produce like effects.

For almost a quarter of a century the writer has ministered to the students of a large state university. Like the students coming up to Oxford, they too were versed in the fields of secular learning, but their knowledge of religion was woefully deficient.

"What is a canticle?" asked a professor of his class in English literature at a state university in a test of their knowledge of the Bible.

"A kind of fowl of the male species," was one of the answers turned in. Other answers were as far from the mark.

"What are the Epistles?" was another query.

"I am not absolutely sure," wrote

one, "but judging from the name, I would take them to be the wives of the apostles."

These were from seniors preparing to teach in high schools. If the blind lead the blind, will not both fall into the ditch?

The youth of America know more about Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck than about the God who made them.

Unless means are taken, and taken with dispatch, to bridge that yawning chasm separating the overwhelming mass of the youth of America from the knowledge of God, His law and the teachings of His divine Son, Jesus Christ, no power on earth can stay the onward sweep of paganism in our land.

We suggest that the president call a conference of the representatives of the three great historic groups, Protestants, Jews and Catholics. Let these churchmen work out a plan whereby religion can be taught in our public schools. We seek no partisan advantage. We believe that differences of faith do not constitute an insuperable obstacle to a fair solution whereby pupils can receive systematic instruction in their respective faiths.

Intelligence, patience and a spirit of fairness can find a solution fair to all. If we do not all hang together there is a grave danger that many will hang separately. We have solved more difficult problems many times before in our national life.

The Irish in the Argentine

By PAUL McGUIRE

Condensed from *Columbia**

I was honored at a luncheon in Buenos Aires given by the Irish-Argentine Cultural Society. Its president is Dr. Henry, who is known to everyone who has visited Buenos Aires.

Some of the younger people I met were three generations from Ireland: they have entered into the Spanish heritage, they normally use the Spanish tongue, they think in Spanish, but you could mix them in with a Patriots' Day assembly in Boston, say, and they would seem entirely native to the occasion, save for their brogue.

Until the Italians and Germans came in their streams and floods, and all through the 19th century, the Irish were the largest group of immigrants in Argentina. Now they are probably the most Argentine of all the non-Spanish peoples. And for a period, at least, they were the richest racial group in the Republic.

In Argentina, the Irish did what they so singularly failed to do in the States: they went on the land, almost to a man. Two generations ago, one could ride all the way from Buenos Aires to Rosario or perhaps even to Cordoba over Irishmen's lands: and even now as one goes northwest from the capital, half the place names seem to be names of Irish settlers. St. Pat-

rick's, the Passionist Church near Arrecifes, is known as "McGuire's Camp Chapel."

I went out to look at Argentina's champion bull. On the very beautiful ranch where he lives in lordly ease, I met also a group of champion cows. They and the ranch all belong to one of Argentina's Duggans. There was a day when Michael Duggan was the richest Irishman in the world. Now his descendants are spread among their ranches, but they raise champion bulls (it may interest the curious to know that one can punch the nose of a champion bull in Argentina, without repercussions) and champion polo ponies.

The ponies come from another Duggan farm, San Jose, where Dr. Duggan, who drove me out, and his brothers hold their father's land. Most of the Duggan boys have played polo in the States. Luis Duggan is one of the most famous of Argentina's internationals.

We watched the gauchos (I know that the real gaucho is extinct, but these looked gaucho enough for me) riding in to the little town of Duggan on Sunday afternoon. Most of them were making for one of those odd race meetings they hold, in which there is only one race and it is often delayed for

*45 Wall Street, New Haven, Conn. September, 1940.

two or three Sundays until everyone has sufficiently considered the merits of the horses and laid appropriate bets. In the flattish black hats and the wide pantaloons and the gaucho belts that numbers of these cattlemen still sensibly wear, they all looked Spanish enough, in conscience: until, here and there, one sighted under the broad brims the bright blue eyes and the tufts of reddish hair that come from the Tuatha de Danann and no other race in two hemispheres.

How many descendants of Firbolgs and Milesians there may have been thereabouts, I did not calculate, for the dark Irish and the Spaniard can look much alike. They probably are alike, of course, and this may account for the ease with which Irishmen have settled in Argentina. The Milesians lingered long in Galicia, land of the Gaels, on their westward drift to Inisfail. There are old ties, too, from the wars with the English and from the Wild Geese. And in Argentina there has been much intermarriage, so that most families now are of mingled strains. The Irish are not a colony in Argentina, as the English and Americans are.

The first Irishman in Argentina was Father Fields of the Society of Jesus. In 1586, he and Father Ortega took over for mission most of the South and East of the continent, beginning a work of which the great tragedy and the great romance were the Jesuit Reductions of Paraguay, that experiment in

social planning which Voltaire called "the triumph of humanity."

After the priest came, aptly enough in the Irish tradition, fighting Irishmen, Admiral William Brown and General Thomond O'Brien, heroes of Argentine independence.

The Admiral was born in Mayo in 1777 and, at the age of nine, came with his father to the U. S. His father died of yellow fever, and William went to sea as cabin boy. He seems to have become a familiar of all the five oceans and the seven seas. He served as a master of British ships during the Napoleonic wars until he was captured by the French. The French imprisoned him in the fortress of Metz, but William walked out through the gate, disguised as a French officer.

Perhaps he did not look a very French officer, for he was caught again and shut in a jail at Verdun. There he dug through the bottom of his cell and found an English officer in the cell below. They both came upstairs, pierced William's roof, and escaped to England. William then acquired a French corsair, and started on a little blockade running in the River Plate, where Argentina was already at hostilities with the mother country.

The channel of the great river was Spanish patrolled. William tried to slip up to Buenos Aires close inshore but grounded and wrecked. He saved most of his cargo, loaded it into carts and hawked it through Argentina. With

the proceeds, he bought another ship, but the Spaniards captured it. William was annoyed. He gathered a handful of Irish, American and British sailors from the waterfront of Buenos Aires, manned a couple of small sailing boats and captured a Spanish frigate, grapple and cutlass fashion.

Buenos Aires was enthusiastic. It raised a whole squadron now and made him commodore. On St. Patrick's Day, 1814, William (now *Guillermo*) Brown stormed the island of Martin Garcia, which commands the waterways of the Parana and Uruguay, and he drove the Spaniards down to Montevideo. He followed their fleet, drew them to sea and in three days destroyed or captured almost their whole squadron. Brown's leg was smashed by a cannon ball, but he pursued the Spanish survivors in under the guns of Montevideo. The people on shore, seeing three Spaniards and Brown's solitary flagship making in, rang the church bells and hung out the bunting to celebrate Guillermo's capture. But it was Guillermo who had captured the Spaniards.

An admiral on crutches, he turned soldier, landing his men to help Alvear's military force until the fall of the city. A grateful government presented him with the flagship.

Having dealt with the Spaniards in the Atlantic, Brown went after them in the Pacific. He took his ships about Cape Horn and proceeded, in the style

of Drake and Hawkins, to make a complete nuisance of himself all up the coast to Callao and Guayaquil. At Guayaquil, however, his landing parties got very drunk in the local bars and the Spaniards were able to round them up and capture their ships. It looked as if Guillermo might have to practice again his art of digging out of cells; but his brother Michael, one of his commanders in this excursion, suddenly appeared before the city and threatened to blow it to bits if all the prisoners were not released. The necessary accommodation was made.

In 1826, Argentina was in difficulties with Brazil, and Admiral Lobo was blockading the Plate. Brown went to sea again, and in May and June within view of the beaches of Buenos Aires, he smashed the Brazilian squadrons in two engagements. In the second, Brown had four ships against the Brazilian's 31.

In all, he won some 40 naval victories, and founded the Argentine marine. A descendant of his now commands one of its cruisers.

Thomond O'Brien was a Wicklow man who came to Buenos Aires in 1816 and joined San Martin's famous Army of the Andes as a lieutenant of mounted grenadiers. He captured single-handed the Spanish royal standard at the Battle of Chacabuco and a very handsome booty at Valparaiso. In 1821, when San Martin proclaimed the independence of Peru at Lima, General

(he had risen rapidly) O'Brien was presented with Pizarro's original state umbrella and came riding home under it in triumph to Buenos Aires. In peace, he owned silver mines and explored for gold and sailed a brig on the waters of Lake Chiquito, 18,000 feet above sea level.

The Irish began to grow their sheep in the 20's and 30's. Lujan, Mercedes, Las Heras and Sulpacha were like Irish counties. They had their own churches, chaplains, literary societies and race clubs. By 1877, it was estimated that the Irish sold 70 million pounds of wool a year through Buenos Aires. It is curious that the Irish immigration was almost entirely from Westmeath and Wexford, an example of the tendency of emigrants to follow their successful neighbors.

The first Irish chaplain was the Dominican, Father Burke, but the great figure among the Irish clergy in Argentina was Father Anthony Fahey, O.P., who arrived in 1843, and died of yellow fever (or perhaps of the effects of his labors during the plague) in the terrible epidemic of 1871. He was guide, philosopher, friend, priest, banker, matchmaker to all his people, from the Andes to the Atlantic. His first parish was roughly the size of Ireland, and he covered it on horseback. (Horseback is still the best way about Argentina, once one is off the main roads.)

Argentina reproduces the Irish story of the other new countries. It is the

story of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, those quarters of the U. S. and Canada where the Irish spread out across the empty lands. In all these countries they were alien to the prevailing cultures, though they spoke the language of their communities. In Argentina they lacked the language but had the strong religious bond. The fusion of the Catholic Irish and the Catholic Spanish in Argentina is an illustration of the strength of religion in the formation of cultures.

The language problem long gave difficulties, and many of the Irish still speak, I am told, a curious vernacular which is composed of odd elements of both tongues with local adaptations, such as a strong tendency to add *ing* to any stray Spanish word which sounds in need of completion. But the educated are now bilingual, the general body chiefly Spanish-speaking.

An English-language newspaper was founded in Buenos Aires 80 years ago by two Irishmen, the brothers Mulhall, Dublin men. It survives as one of Argentina's two English dailies.

The first brewery in Argentina was also founded by an Irishman. But, surprisingly, he failed in the business. And then there was Patrick Donahue who came from New York to Chile and thence across the Andes to Buenos Aires and lived to talk about it, as he was unquestionably entitled to do, until he reached the age of 85.

The sheep days were the great days

of Ireland in Argentina. (The Irish did very well in sheep in Australia, too.) But when the sheep lands came under plough or went over to cattle, their energies seemed somewhat to flag. The shepherd, in wide countries like the pampas or the Australian bush, develops his own peculiar life and temperament, and it is difficult to turn him into ploughman. So the Italians and the Germans began to take over what had been the Irish lands. Yet, where the great ranches keep anything of their former glory (and it was once like a feudal glory), whether in Irish hands or now out of them, the Irish remain. At that great ranch where we met the champion bull, the superintendent is a tall Irishman whose father before him was born in Argentina but who still speaks with the soft southwestern brogue. The Irish work where the horses and the cattle are bred. It is said that they have drifted to the cities in large numbers, but I doubt whether they have left the land as they have left it in other countries. It is the rarest

thing to find an Irish politician in Argentina, for instance, though we had a senator at the Cultural Society's lunch.

In these days, when the future of the South American countries is much in the balance, it would be well for the Irish of North America to remember their kinsmen of the southern continent. The best ambassadors from north to south have probably been the different bishops who have lately made the journey: the cardinal of Philadelphia, the archbishop of New York, the bishop of Omaha, and Bishop John F. O'Hara, C.S.C. The Argentines, and especially the young Argentine Nationalists, who are about to play, one believes, a determining role in their country's history, are profoundly suspicious of what they regard as an inimical culture and the economic imperialism of the north. It is well to acquaint them with figures influential in American life who share with all Argentina the Catholic culture and, with one great group of Argentines, the bonds of blood and race.



There is no room today for ideas that brand people as inferior because they do manual labor. The field of white-collar work is still expanding, and will continue to offer real opportunities to people who are well-trained, level-headed and willing to turn the clock to the wall when the work piles up. But we must never forget that this country was built by people who labored with their hands. "Dirty-shirt" jobs are still numerically the most important ones. And those of us who pull on work shirts and overalls every morning need never be ashamed of them.

Lyle M. Spencer in *This Week Magazine* (21 April '40).

The Flowery Kingdom

By HUGH F. SANDS

Any other name

Condensed from the *Far East**

China has had more than 20 names. Some of these are what her own people have called her; others have lived only in the speech of outsiders.

For centuries *Cathay* was a magic word on the lips of travelers between Europe and Asia. It was the medieval name for China. Marco Polo used it to designate the land of his adventures. In the story of the wonderful lamp, Aladdin lived, "in the capital of one of the large and rich provinces of the kingdom of Cathay."

In the 10th century a northern race called the Khitan established themselves in China. The word *Cathay* comes from their name. In Russian today *China* is *Kitai*. For several hundred years people were so confused in their ideas of the geography of Eastern Asia that they considered Cathay to be one country and South China another. Cathay was a place to be reached by overland route. China was a country to which one sailed by way of the Indies.

The confusion was clarified finally in 1603 by a Jesuit lay brother, Benedict of Goes. He set out from India overland to seek the country of Cathay, which was said to be favorable to Christianity. He was exploring on behalf of the Jesuit missionaries in India

who wished to know if Cathay were a different land from the China in which their colleagues were already laboring. After a journey made in disguise, amid incredible hardships and perils, Brother Benedict met on the western fringe of "Cathay" some merchants traveling from far Peking, where they had actually seen the Jesuit missionaries. This proved that China and Cathay were one. The Brother died after entering China proper, having discharged his mission and having established contact by messenger with the priests in Peking. Of him it was said, "Seeking Cathay, he found heaven."

Nowadays we think of Cathay as the poetic name for China. In *Locksley Hall* Tennyson says, "Better 50 years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." I wonder if he knew that a cycle in Cathay is only 60 years. Moore in *Lalla Rookh* speaks of the "small, half-shut glances of Cathay."

The name we now use, China, is comparatively modern. Its origin, however, has been traced back to ancient Hindu records.

Pliny and Ptolemy, in the first and second centuries of our era, referred to China as *Seres*. To them it was a mysterious country far to the northeast; from it came the choice fabric that the

**St. Columbans, Nebr. September, 1940.*

Romans called *sericum* and we call silk. Some of the Latin writers give the name *Serica* to China.

Sin and *Sinae* are other ancient names used by the Romans. *Sinae* is still the word used in Latin documents referring to China. We have the clerical review *Sacerdos in Sinis*, The Priest in China. The people are called *Sinenses*. Hence the Holy See describes St. Columban's as a Society for Missions *apud Sinenses*.

Tzinista is a name for China found in the Christian topography written by the monk-navigator Cosmos about the

year 540. Writing in his monastery in Alexandria, he gave the first accurate idea of China's location.

What do the Chinese themselves call their country? Perhaps the first name used by the Chinese was *Tien Hsia*, All Beneath the Sky. This name still lives. There is a popular Chinese periodical called the *Tien Hsia Monthly*. Another ancient designation was *Sze Hai*, All Within the Four Seas. The most common of all to the Chinese is *Chung Kwo*, the Middle Kingdom. This is the name always used by the people in ordinary conversation.



Cupid's Accomplice

In Venezuela, authorities permit love letters to go through the mails at half price. In order that postal workers may recognize such missives, they must be mailed in bright envelopes.

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (27 July '40).



A Fowl Story

The dictionary defines *canard* as an extravagant or lying story. But the word *canard* originally meant *duck*, and we may ask, what has a duck got to do with it?

Years ago there was a Belgian, M. Cornelisson, who was fed up with the Continental sensational press stories. He decided he would go them one better. He announced that he had just completed an experiment which proved that ducks were cannibals. He had taken 20 ducks, killed one, fed it to the others, which devoured it greedily, and so on until he had one duck left. This one duck, as you see, had eaten the other 19. Ducks were cannibals. "*Voila messieurs!*" The story was widely published as true. Presently the Belgian declared that the whole thing was a hoax. Thus the useful French word, *canard*.

Francis Davitt in the [*Melbourne*] *Advocate* (18 July '40).

Christ Was Right . . . After All

By M. S. WELSH, O.P.

Down Mexico way

Condensed from the *Rosary**

It would be a misfortune to pass over the recent sincere expression of Christian truth by a Mexican law-maker. His name is Soto Y Gama, a lawyer, and he was one of the members of the lower house in the Mexican congress during the years of the revolution.

He, when a youth, had been a victim of skepticism in regard to the teachings of Christ. He was looking forward to an age of great men who were to be free from the weaknesses brought on by Christian virtue. Then the Mexican persecution and revolution came before him, and they presented nothing of the kind to his youthful vision.

"I have seen many things during the course of the Revolution," he says. "I have been the witness of acts so monstrous, I have observed so much depravity and violence, so many failures in morality, in honesty and fortitude, by men who believed themselves great because they had freed themselves from what they called fanaticism, that I have been forced to examine myself frankly. I have been forced to see with my own eyes that these catastrophes, these base acts, have been the results generally of the neglect of the morals of Christ, and of the repudiation of His teachings, which

alone are able to bridle and guide conduct."

It would be revolting to detail many of the inhuman horrors that were enacted continually during those years of blood in Mexico. Suffice it to recall an incident of the death of a nun in a prison. The following is taken from the *Providence Visitor*, June 16, 1928. "About the first of the year 1928, a Protestant minister, Mr. Ferguson, by name, was imprisoned in Mexico, during the religious persecution; a Protestant at the time, but now a Catholic, studying for the priesthood. He was the companion of ten Catholic priests, in prison for the same offense. Of that number two were shot to death before the eyes of the others, and three disappeared mysteriously.

"Yet most horrible of all their experiences was the sight of the brutal execution of a nun. She was stripped of her clothing, tied to a pillar and whipped to death. The guillotine of Paris, on which the Carmelites of the French Revolution gave up their lives for religion, was a throne of mercy in comparison with that means of death."

She had been serving Christ in the life of virginity, a life of high perfection which He had counseled. As a servant of God she had a right to fol-

*141 E. 65th St., New York City. July, 1940.

low these counsels of perfection. The civil law of Mexico forbade such a life of religion. But that law had no binding force, because it was contrary to divine law. Therefore she was innocent of crime when she accepted the invitation of Christ. Hence her death was the murder of an innocent person. Just an example of those monstrous acts witnessed by Soto Y Gama, one of the fruits which grew out of that Mexican rebellion against Christ.

He goes on to say, "Those acts were committed by the very men who believed themselves great and strong, because they had freed themselves from what they had called fanaticism."

Christ when on earth commanded, "Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal." Those men call such teaching fanaticism. It happens to stand in the way of their own villainy. They preferred to kill and to steal. In their own eyes, their killing and stealing are only the expression of their noble inclinations. If other men should steal from them and murder their children, would they call Christ's law fanaticism? It happened, however, that the killing and the stealing were to be inflicted on defenseless nuns. What did that matter? Those high-minded men would become rich from the wealth of monasteries and, after the example of Calles, they would gather their treasures together and move to some little fairy island washed by the soft blue waves of the Gulf of Mexico, to dwell during

the peaceful evenings of their beatific lives.

Think of the madness of a band of Indian savages who would make an attack upon a village of sleeping white men on a cold winter morning, an event frequent in early New England history. The stillness is suddenly broken by the wild yells of the savage; the screams of waking women and children mingle with the cries of the demons who tomahawk the defenseless whites, and set fire to their dwellings. It all ends in the slaughter of their victims and in the smoking ruins of their homes.

What can bridle the passions of the savage? The power of government, it may be, and military force which, after all, are based upon justice and mercy and charity, and radically proceed from the doctrines of Christ. On which side then is the fanaticism?

But we do not need to go back to the savage; we need only to glance at civilized man, to say nothing of the private lives of degenerate individuals. There are civilized men who organize movements for the promotion of everything indecent, for the publication of moral filth, making use of systematic means for the delinquency of youth, and the degradation of their fellowmen. Where is the bridle for such license, but in the law of Christ? And if that is taken away, the whole race of men goes down into the deluge of corruption, such as the pagan world knew.

Once more Soto Y Gama goes on, "To drive Christ out of the consciences of children is to prepare a generation of men who will be the slaves of their worst passions, a generation of beasts, in their lusts and in their cruelty."

Very true, these men have labored to drive Christ out of the minds of children; yet He warned us to beware of scandalizing one of those who believes in Him, for it would be better that a millstone were hanged around the neck of each and that they were cast into the sea. They taught the young to trample upon the crucifix in contempt of Christ, the Saviour of the world. No wonder Calles and his associates fled in time from that barbarous society which they had created.

Security will come when men are

no longer beasts, when they follow reason directed by that law which controls and guides the passions of the brute in man and leads him to the virtue of intelligent beings, so that they will live for what is right and just, not for what is base and cruel and brutish.

Another declaration of Soto Y Gama, "Without the law of Christ, humanity and especially the weak are left defenseless against the brutal assaults of passion." Cowards generally choose their victims from those who have least power to resist. Gain is their goal. If they could only worship God and mammon at the same time, they would be content to do so, but they learn that it cannot be done. Therefore, they choose mammon and dethrone Christ.



Literacy

Look at our terrific machinery of universal "education." Well, look at it. It sometimes amounts to this: that everybody is taught to read and write; and consequently the majority use this triumph to read perishing newsprint and write short, colorless letters home. They were taught a poem or two; and few ever become lovers of poetry; rather do they take their "drama" and "romance" at the films, and become Hollywoodheaded. They were given a dab of history, a brief "period," almost parochial at that; and they are lucky if they learn to unlearn some of its misstatements afterward. Grammar? It positively *hampers* most people. They were taught arithmetic, and this enables them to count their wages or conduct a shop. The "science" at school consisted mostly of a few explosions and a few bad smells, with hard terminology.

W. J. Blyton in the *Missionary* (Sept. '40).

It Was a Good Dinner

Even the gravy stretched

By DOROTHY DAY

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

In summer it is hard. Everybody goes away on vacations and those who can't go away are sending others away. Students have finished paying expenses for one year at school and are looking forward to paying expenses for another year. Nobody has any money, especially those who want to help, who are the most generous.

I don't know how we could make out if it were not for the free vegetables we are getting this summer. Free rolls and cakes, too. We go on charging our coffee, sugar and milk, and a great supply of bread, 250 pounds a day. Once in a while we can get a supply of fish from the Fulton Market, a barrelful at a time, and then the cleaning takes place in the back yard, and if it is fish with roe in it we fry up the roe and there is an afternoon tea party with fish-roe sandwiches, everybody prowling around licking his chops.

Meat is a scarcity, however. Once this summer we had a ham which a kind friend brought in, and even slicing it very thin it was hard to make it go round to 125 people. None of the fellows who were cooking in the kitchen had any. I came up at the tail end of the dinner. Stanley Vishniewsky had finished the spiritual reading, *In the Footsteps of St. Francis*,

and was sitting down to a meatless plate. The boys had saved a piece for me and there was applesauce and mashed potatoes besides. Oblivious to Stanley's lack I was digging in with great enjoyment.

And then there came a wail from the kitchen. "No meat for me? And I've been working all day! I don't see how everybody else rates meat, and not me. Those that hang around and do nothing get the best food, and me, I went on an errand and so I get left."

The querulous tones went on. The fellow came in, looking sadly at his plate, slammed it on the table and sat down. "I been smelling that all afternoon, too. I just wanted a piece of ham."

I offered him half of mine; Ed Kelleher, who used to be a house detective, and a gentle, holy soul he is, too, offered him his.

"I don't eat off nobody's plate," the hungry one said. "But I did want a piece of ham." A great tear rolled down his nose.

It is incidents like this that break your heart, sometimes. There is never enough food to go around. The pots are always being scraped so clean it is a wonder the enamel doesn't come off.

Meals are so important. The disciples

*386 4th Ave., New York City. Aug. 23, 1940.

knew Christ in the breaking of bread. We know Christ in each other in the breaking of bread. It is the closest we can ever come to each other, sitting down and eating together. It is unbelievably, poignantly intimate.

Last night we had a very good supper. John Kernan and Duncan Chisholm have charge of the kitchen and Shorty is the *sous-chef*. They also have as assistants John Monaghan and Jim O'Hearn. They take charge of the lunch and dinner every day, and another staff, under Peter Clark, takes charge of the 800 on the bread line each morning. These hot days nobody wants anything but bread and coffee, and the bread is pumpernickel or rye, good and substantial.

I read some place, I think it was in one of these 10c-store children's books on *Wheat*, that the gluten in wheat is the nearest thing to human flesh. And it was wheat that Christ chose when He left us His presence on our altars!

Lunch is always simple, a huge vegetable soup and bread. We make about 20 gallons, and it does a thorough job of heating the kitchen these broiling days.

Supper is more elaborate: sometimes we say "dinner." Last week, thanks to a Long Island farmer and the priest who sent him to us, we had a good vegetable supper of potatoes, beets, carrots and cabbage.

John is a genius at making gravies. I doubt whether the Waldorf-Astoria

has better gravies than we do. It was so good a meal, and everybody was so hungry, that I became consumed with anxiety as to whether the food was going to stretch for all. The back court seemed to be full of men and women and there were even some children. One woman had walked all the way down from 15th St. with her two-year-old to have a hot meal. Her gas and electricity had been turned off and she could not cook. She is on relief and never seems to catch up, she says.

Little Billy ran around the dining room disrupting things between bites, so we moved mother and child out to the kitchen to finish their meal so the line could go on. We can't seat more than 25 and there have to be six sittings. I had finished early and begun hovering over the pots on the stove. John kept counting the men on the line. "Thirty-six more to go," he groaned as he sliced down the last of the meat loaf. Soon he was putting the scraps in the gravy and began contemplating that.

"Get me the gravy-stretcher," he called to Shorty; and Shorty always willing, began to scurry about the kitchen, proffering him one utensil after another. (One day I asked Shorty if he had any relatives, and he said mournfully, "I had a mother once.")

Finally it dawned on him that it was a bit more hot water that John wanted to stretch the gravy with. Then a bowlful of boiled potatoes was dis-

covered and they were peeled and dumped into the frying pans. John believes in having things nice.

"Eighteen left to go," Monaghan said as he leaned out the window and looked. And then suddenly five more women from the Salvation Army hotel on Rivington St. came in and threw our calculations out again. (Women are always served first and the men step to one side to let them get by.)

"Eight more coming up," and by this time the mashed potatoes were gone and the fried potatoes were being dished up.

Thank God there was still plenty of good gravy, and there were some chunks of meat in it, too. Not a speck came back on the plates. They were all wiped clean with bits of bread.

Down the street the children had turned on a fire hydrant and flung a bottomless barrel over it and the water cascaded into the air 30 feet like a fountain. The sound was pleasant and

so were the cheers of the children as they rushed through the deluge. Little boys paddled "boats" in the rushing curb streams. Shopkeepers deflected the water onto their sidewalks and began sweeping, and mothers moved their baby carriages out of the flood. All the little boys and some of the little girls got their feet (and their clothes) soaked.

Down the street came a singer with his accordion and the happy sound of Italian love songs accompanied the rushing sound of our sudden city stream.

John and Jim of the kitchen sat and rested and there was a look of happy contentment on their faces. They are both jobless, and are volunteers in the work of our Catholic Worker Community; there is war in the world and they are faced with conscription and little else in the way of security for the future. But it was a happy evening and it had been a very good meal.



Error Rediscovered

Only the scholar can realize how little that is being said and thought in the modern world is in any sense new. It was the colossal triumph of the Greeks and Romans and of the great thinkers of the Middle Ages to sound the depths of almost every problem which human nature has to offer, and to interpret human thought and human aspiration with astounding profundity and insight. Unhappily, these deep-lying facts which should be controlling in the life of a civilized people, are known only to a few, while the many grasp, now at an ancient and well-demonstrated falsehood and now at an old and well-proved truth, as if each had all the attractions of novelty.

From How to Read a Book by Mortimer J. Adler (Simon & Schuster).

Four for the Ages

By DAVID PERLMAN

Good for 100 million years

Condensed from the *New York Times Magazine**

On Mount Rushmore in the Black Hills of South Dakota, not far from the site of Custer's last stand, Gutzon Borglum is nearing the end of a gigantic task. The major part of his monument to the building of America, a fourfold sculpture so huge it covers an acre and a half of granite mountainside, is all but finished. After 13 years of persistent drilling, blasting and chiseling, the heads of four great Americans, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, now peer out, white and smooth, across the Dakota prairie.

Four hundred thousand tons of rock have been stripped away in the carving which has consumed 68 months of working time for a crew of 50 workmen. The heads are 60 feet high and carved in deep relief. The monument as a whole is undoubtedly the biggest sculptural project ever carried out.

Gutzon Borglum, the man who had the dream and transformed it into reality, is now 73. But he still leaps sure-footedly about the scaffolding hung along the mountainside and he still sways jauntily on a swing seat at the end of a cable 400 feet above the valley, guiding the impact of drills and chisels and dynamite. Completion of the memorial as a shrine to Ameri-

can democracy remains his great dream.

In work clothes and broad-brimmed Western hat, Mr. Borglum took the writer outside the studio at the foot of the sculptured cliff and squinted up at his work. "Every nation," he said, "when it becomes truly great, builds its monuments in its own likeness. Yet every nation in time falls prey to conquerors, and those conquerors strip away the monuments because they would be a reminder that an earlier age was great.

"It was this thought," he said, "that made me conceive originally of placing our great national records high on cliffs, on rocks of communally useless materials. It won't pay to use the rock we've made into Washington's face for building a dam or a stock exchange.

"How long will it last? No man knows. But the granite here, I'm told, erodes at the rate of one inch in 100,000 years. The figures are in 90-foot relief, so perhaps in 100 million years the mountainside will be smooth again."

As we stared upward at the faces on the rock, they seemed only a little larger than the big plaster models, ten-foot busts, there in the studio. The sculptor suggested that we go up and have a closer look at them.

*Times Square, New York City. Aug. 25, 1940.

In front of the studio is a noisy power house where electricity is made to drive the clattering drills aloft. From the power house stretches a cable on which runs a small wooden cable car to carry tools and workmen to the top of the mountain. We stepped into the car and swung upward.

The heads of Washington and Jefferson drew closer, virtually finished. Workmen on a scaffolding were carving Lincoln's huge chin and beard. Roosevelt's massive square-rimmed spectacles were beginning to take form.

"Now for the first time," Mr. Borglum said as we swayed there in the cable car, "I can really become a sculptor again. Until recently the problem has been an engineering one. Now we've come to the job of creating the personality of each man."

Only three tools have been used on the job thus far, air drills, dynamite and hand chisels. In blocking out the huge masses of rock it was first necessary, of course, to study the composition of the granite, the direction of the grain, the existence of faults, depth of the rock. When this was established, the rough form of each of the heads was achieved by careful blasting with minute charges of dynamite.

To carve the features, Mr. Borglum devised a unique method. With his plaster models as a guide, he went over the whole granite face and marked spots a few inches apart for the drills to bite. Each spot was marked by a

cross, and each cross had a number, indicating the depth of the hole to be drilled. The whole rock surface was so marked; then the drilling began. When the holes were finished their bottoms represented within a fraction of an inch, the final contours of the faces.

Again tiny dynamite charges were set off, and chisels went into action to break away the rock between the drill holes. Thus, slowly, the faces appeared under the hands of miners who had no training in such precise work but who were under the constant direction of the sculptor himself.

Out of the cable car, we stepped over air hoses and electric cables and went out on the scaffolding to inspect the freshly cut granite. Here the sculptor was doing his finish job, taking off his final quarter inches.

"This is the work," he said, "that I love most, this intimate contact with the four men. As I become engrossed in the features and personality of each man, I feel myself growing in stature, just as they did when their characters grew and developed. It's an experience, I think, that is shared by the thousands of visitors who come here every year. The very size of the sculpture impresses them with the magnitude of the concepts these men symbolized. Democracy can become something big and immediate to them."

Which figure, character, does the sculptor prefer? It was a difficult ques-

tion, but Borglum said he thinks first of Lincoln.

"Who can think of him," he asked, "and not think of the Garden of Gethsemane? The nation of Washington and Jefferson needed Lincoln. Note how carefully, how ably and how tenderly he filled that need. He is at once the heart and soul of Mount Rushmore. I have deliberately turned his face full toward Washington and Jefferson, two men he almost worshiped."

It was President Coolidge, a great admirer of the Rushmore project, who officially dedicated it when the work was begun. Mr. Borglum invited him to compose a 500-word history of America to be carved in the rock at the base of the monument. President Coolidge submitted his draft, and Mr. Borglum did not like it. He edited it, and Mr. Coolidge was annoyed. Then he withdrew his copy. Mr. Borglum wrote his own history.

But that plan has now been abandoned. No history will be carved on the rocks. Instead, Mr. Borglum explains, a great Hall of Records has been added to the program, a huge cavern hewn out of the heart of the mountain at the bottom of the gorge beneath the sculptured faces. In that hall will be placed smaller statues of the men who made America great, its statesmen, its pioneers. And a bronze frieze 350 feet long will be built around the hall, depicting the passage from Europe to America of each successive wave of

immigration. From the hall's doorway, leading up the mountainside directly beneath the four heroic heads, will be an 800-foot granite stairway lined with other statues of America's great men.

All this will be finished in about two and a half years. But the four faces, the major part of the original design, will be virtually finished by next fall.

And after the Rushmore project?

"I do not look that far ahead," says the sculptor, "but after that I'm going back to Stone Mountain in Georgia and finish my monument to the Confederacy there."

Stone Mountain was the scene of Mr. Borglum's first venture into mammoth sculpture. Born in Idaho he grew up on a ranch. Then he went abroad to study art, worked for a time under Rodin, and returned to America.

He was commissioned to do a statue of Gov. John P. Altgeld of Illinois for the Municipal Art Commission in Chicago, fought with them over artistic tenets and had his finished statue rejected. He went into politics, served an embattled term in the Connecticut State Assembly, stumped for Theodore Roosevelt in the campaign of 1912. He was appointed by President Wilson, during the war, to investigate charges of inefficiency in airplane manufacture and stirred up a hornet's nest of recrimination. Politics wasn't his field.

Meanwhile, Stone Mountain had entered the picture. The Daughters of the Confederacy commissioned him to

do a huge relief head of Gen. Robert E. Lee on the 800-foot granite face of Stone Mountain. Mr. Borglum expanded the idea and persuaded his sponsors that he should include not only Lee but Stonewall Jackson, Jefferson Davis and some 1,200 Confederate figures in a huge frieze, of which the central group would be 120 feet high. The work, begun in 1916, was interrupted by the war and resumed in 1924, but by that time civil war had begun between sponsors and sculptor.

The dispute wasn't ironed out until 1930, when Mr. Borglum was invited back to finish the job. He agreed to go only when the Rushmore job, already well under way, was brought to completion.

These two projects are the biggest sculptural jobs ever undertaken.

"There is something in sheer volume," he says, "that awes and terrifies, lifts us out of ourselves. Something that relates us to God and to what is greatest in our evolving universe."



Flowers

Permission to place vases of flowers on the altar is given in the *Caeremoniale Episcoporum*, but only on very great feasts. Apart from another statement in the *Memoriale Rituum*, that flowers may be used "if customary" on certain specified occasions, these are the only references to flowers on the altar in liturgical books. Neither the Roman Missal nor Ritual refer to them. No cut flowers in vases are ever placed on the altars in the Roman basilicas. It has always been a fundamental principle that only the essential articles used for the celebration of Mass should stand on the altar and this principle is still observed in Rome.

Flowers themselves (though not *on* the altar) are a very ancient form of decoration, and they look best when placed around the altar, standing on the floor. The idea that there *must* be flowers on the altar, except in Advent or Lent, is without any foundation, and if they are used at all, they should be limited to the greater festivals. No "accessory of worship" is so ugly or superfluous as the expensive brass "altar vase" supplied by ecclesiastical furnishers, which in some churches is almost an article of faith. A simple glass vase or a plain earthenware bowl looks much more effective. Flowers should be arranged in bold masses and with plenty of green leaves; they are seen from a distance and not close up.

Let there be plenty of floral decoration on great festivals, but let it be confined to any part of the church except the altar itself, which was never meant to look like a florist's shop window, but like a stone of sacrifice.

Peter F. Anson in the *Church and the People* (July '40).

The Critics' Forum

By JOHN K. CARTWRIGHT

Cuss or discuss

Condensed from the *Sign**

Anyone who has a decent respect for the human faculties must be pleased at the opening out to them of the wide fields of experience and knowledge that became accessible through the maturing of the educational processes of the 19th century. Yet a critical mind will not fall into an attitude of easy and complete satisfaction at the manner in which the new literature has been provided for the newly literate.

For one writer who has had the patience and the insight to understand Catholicism, there are easily nine who add to the ancient Protestant tradition of dislike the newly invented contempt of the Marxian, the Freudian, the libertarian, and the scientific sciolist for the most venerable and valuable of historic institutions. The best-seller list invariably contains a good dozen of books which, whatever their other qualities and merits, do much to perpetuate and even to create misunderstanding and dislike in the minds of the general public, and to arouse distress or suspicion in the minds of Catholics incapable of a stalwart criticism.

Something has to be done to meet the emergency thus arising: in the long run something on a national scale to awaken a living and critical Catholic public opinion. In Washington some-

thing was attempted last winter which had a great initial success and which bids fair to carry on.

In February a small committee was gathered, composed of two of the local clergy, four or five Catholics of the staff of the Public Library, and the territorial deputy of the Catholic Daughters of America. This committee quickly decided to arrange for a series of three public book reviews, under the title: The Critics' Forum—Catholic Thought on the Best Sellers.

The books selected were mostly from the best-seller list and were such as traversed Catholic interest in some definite and important way.

On each evening the speaker was introduced by a prominent Washington Catholic layman. The review occupied about one hour. Another period of 20 minutes to a half-hour was devoted to answering questions which were presented in writing and read by the chairman.

The Catholic press throughout the country has given the movement much attention. A series of Critics' Forum reviews has been given in Baltimore, and another series is being arranged. Inquiries lead us to believe that the movement will take hold this winter in every section of the U. S.

**Union City, N. J. September, 1940.*

Nuns Are People

Mystery women

By MICHAEL G. DOWNING, C.S.S.R.

Condensed from *Our Lady of Perpetual Help**

Catholics take their nuns for granted. They know where they come from and the process that takes place to make them what they are. They have watched them swing down the block on their way home from high school with the other girls in their class. Agnes Reilly, Theresa Antonellis, Madeline Miller, Mary Depkiewicz; dressed in ankle socks, saddle-back shoes, serviceable skirts and leather jackets, they are indistinguishable from the majority of the present crop of American high-school girls. According to their temperament they are demure and shy, or gay and effervescent, or sophisticated and dryly witty.

Then one day they make up their minds and go off somewhere to a novitiate. Parents and friends go to see them receive the habit, and cry a little. Above the gathering in the convent chapel hovers the spirit of St. Clare of Assisi, whom Chesterton called the first career woman, and St. Theresa and Elizabeth Seton, for it is all an old beautiful part of Catholic life.

Later they come back to a school or hospital or orphanage or old folks' home. The ankle socks and saddle-back shoes are gone, and they are dressed in the severe garb of one of the religious orders. But the girls be-

hind the wimples are still, according to their temperaments, demure and shy, or gay and effervescent, or sophisticated and dryly witty, with some slight modifications. The years of work and prayer and spiritual training in the novitiate have worked their transformation, dedicated them for life to a high and noble vocation. But they are still Agnes Reilly, Theresa Antonellis, Madeline Miller or Mary Depkiewicz who swung down the block with the girls of their class and they will be accepted as such all their lives long by the Catholic people with whom they work.

And that is why Catholics take their nuns for granted.

In this highly publicized age of wire-photo and radio pictures, nuns should be fairly familiar figures to non-Catholics also. They have made the front pages frequently of late: hurrying along the roads of Belgium; above the cot of a shell-torn child in Paris; on a refugee ship from Poland. Even here in our own country they have not escaped some publicity. They opened their school as a shelter to the flood victims of Pittsburgh and the omnipresent news photographer caught them at it. A Benedictine Sister passes an examination permitting her to practice law before the Supreme Court and Mr.

*389 E. 150th St., New York City. September, 1940.

and Mrs. America read about it in the morning papers.

The crowd in the subway train is accepted as a genuine cross section of American city dwellers. Nuns have been discovered there recently by our artists.

The nun in the subway has been the subject of at least one painting. It was exhibited in a New York gallery and was a bitingly realistic presentation of a subway crowd. The nun in the group is a heavy middle-aged woman and she is prominent in the picture because of her black voluminous habit. But her expression is in no way different from that of her fellow passengers. She has that glazed look of worried abstraction so characteristic of riders in the subway. She looks like a mother superior worrying about the electric light bill or Sister Philomena's anemia. Nothing mystical about her at all. This picture also possesses artistic truth. That is how riding in the subway affects most people. They fall into a trance in which they seem to be preoccupied with the burden and strain of daily living. Up on the street they may be bubbling over with the joy of life but once they drop their nickel in the underground-turnstile they fall immediately into that glazed, slightly worried trance. And since nuns are people there is no reason why they should not be affected that way, too.

But in spite of this publicity nuns are not yet taken for granted every-

where. They are still a surprise and a fresh discovery to many Americans and especially to children. This is a hazard every Sister must face whenever she leaves the sheltering walls of her convent. It is a hazard because being freshly discovered can often be an embarrassing experience.

With that inspired perversity so characteristic of children, young Americans usually pick the wrong moment to discover their first nun. In the awful and absolute silence that follows the sudden stop of a roaring trolley or train: that is one of their favorite moments. With a piercing treble that shatters the stillness like a pistol shot, and a pointing finger that can focus the eyes of the passengers on the unsuspecting nun more effectively than a spotlight, Junior shouts to his mother, "Mamma, what's that?"

With all eyes immediately upon her and blushes rushing out from under her wimple in burning waves, the nun hears the mother answer, "Why, dear, that's a Sister."

And then inevitably, "Yeah? Why is she dressed like that?"

The reasons why Sister is dressed like that are many and beautiful, historic and symbolic. But even if she knows them the mother cannot go into them then and there. She takes refuge in a stopgap and gets herself into a vicious circle, "Because she is a Sister."

Being discovered can be embarrassing. It can be amusing, too. There was

the nun who was out shopping on Christmas Eve and came abreast of a mother and her young son just when he discovered his first street-corner Santa Claus.

"Mamma, who's that?"

"Why, dear, that's Santa Claus."

Unfortunately there was another one on the next corner. "Mamma, who's this?"

"That's Santa Claus."

Junior was suspicious. "I thought you told me the other one was."

"Well, this is his brother," fibbed the mother quickly.

Just then Junior's roving eye caught sight of the nun and in a voice acid with youthful cynicism, he said, "Yeah? And who's that? His sister?"

Hallowe'en can be a bad day for nuns. On Hallowe'en, around New York at least, children dress themselves in false faces and go about the neighborhood gathering stray pennies from the householders.

One Hallowe'en afternoon two nuns were walking through Harlem. One was very tall, very straight and rather severe looking. Suddenly they became aware of childish voices behind them:

"Man oh man!" said one voice, "that's the best costumee I seen today."

"Yeh, man!" said another, "let's go up and see what they look like in front."

The tall nun became aware of a small figure at her side and she looked down into a pair of startled white eyes

in a small black face. When their eyes made contact, the young negro gulped and in an awesome whisper said, "Hello, Mrs. God." And in spite of her severity the tall one broke into a peal of undignified laughter in the streets of Harlem.

Grownups do not express themselves so openly, of course, but the nuns are still a mystery to many of them. They read silly books about them and get the strangest notions. One such book was written recently by an English woman and published in an American edition. It purports to tell the story of her short life as a Sister in a Swiss convent and presents her companions as a choice set of neurotics with the top floor of the convent reserved for the violently insane. An American Catholic paper wrote to the author asking her to identify the convent she wrote about, so that it might be investigated. For specious reasons the author refused to do this. She also made some whopping mistakes about Catholic practices in the book itself, mistakes that might easily be detected by a Catholic school child. Yet this book was praised by the reviewers and will be read and believed by many grown-up Americans.

Perhaps this situation should be cleared up. A good publicity man could do the job in a month. He could make every American from Maine to California aware of the nuns, their way of life, their really great achievements.

There are many angles to work from. Nuns nursed our wounded in the Civil War. Their hospital at Rochester became the famous Mayo Clinic. There are plenty of angles.

Or perhaps it is better to leave the situation just as it is, to let the nuns go on quietly doing their work and with God's help expanding silently from year to year in a loud-mouthed world. Daniel Sargent seems to think so in his latest book. "In the utterly quiet way in which the various Sisterhoods came into our country's life, as if they walked silently and on snow on some dark midnight, it is a relief not to have to find the raucousness of self-assertive personalities such as we find in the building of a railroad, or

of cities, or in other human achievements. There is a kind of laughter in our hearts at seeing how without fuss and fury these images of our Lady accomplished so much when so many others—celebrities, men of force—were accomplishing so little with so much fanfare and publicity."

It just seems unfortunate that people still read silly books about the Sisters and get such strange ideas about them, ideas that could so easily be corrected if only they would walk down the block to the nearest convent and ring the bell and ask for the mother superior: the mother superior who was Agnes Reilly, Theresa Antonellis, Madeline Miller or Mary Depkiewicz in the town high school not so long ago.



Flights of Fancy

Her costumes pivot the passers-by.—*O. O. McIntyre.*

He was so good as to be good for nothing.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

So undiplomatic he couldn't settle a sit-down strike in a tack factory.—*Arthur (Bugs) Baer.*

The party line of the hammer and sickle was so twisted their insignia should have been a corkscrew.—*John Copley Lambsden.*

Like tan shoes on a pallbearer.—*Bruce Reynolds.*

A wind haunted with autumn.—*Francis Griswold.*

He sank back behind a smoke screen of cigaretence.—*A. J. Hotze, S.V.D.*

Contemporary literature can be classified under three headings: the neurotic, the erotic and the tommyrotic.—*W. Giese.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Give the exact source. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Editor.]

Labor Had a Golden Age

From the inside out

By MATTHEW BUTSCH, O.S.B.

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine**

The foundation of the guilds was a result of the so-called "dark ages." The dark ages, of course, are no longer considered "dark," or full of ignorance. Those centuries of adjustment and conflict were a melting pot containing three elements: Christianity, Roman culture and Teutonic barbarity. The result of this mixture was a new and vigorous Christian civilization which produced the guild system.

Guilds as we know them did not come into existence until the 8th century. At this time Christianity, having already proved itself the most powerful agent in civilizing the barbarians, had great influence in law, politics, business, and everyday life.

When the Church entered a new mission field, she would often find little groups of people loosely held together by common interests or by common enemies. These groups were encouraged and fostered by the Church. Inspired by Christian charity, they grew into early forms of the guild. The members usually met and dined in a cloister, kept their funds and records in the sacristy, had Masses said for the deceased members at the guild's own altar in the abbey church, and paid an annual fee to the monastery which had helped and fostered them.

Such early guilds were simply beneficial fraternities which had been organized for mutual assistance in poverty and trial, for cooperation in common danger, for association in pleasure and amusement. Special provision was made for those families whose breadwinner was infirm or deceased. Membership was voluntary for all classes.

Religious guilds, which were the first, were voluntary confraternities formed for social and religious purposes. Merchant and craft guilds differed from their predecessors by placing greater stress on economic purposes. The merchant guild dealt primarily with trade. But with the rise of manufacturing in the 12th century, each trade or craft won for itself the right of supervision over its own group.

For a time craft guilds were about as numerous as the articles manufactured. Later, subdivision unnecessarily augmented the trades until it was customary, for example, to have a shoe-makers' guild, a shoe-menders' guild and a slipper-makers' guild. But as the system grew older, confederation became more and more common.

A few of the craft guilds were those of the wool weaver, linen weaver, carpenter, tailor, butcher, grocer, candle-

**St. Benedict, Ore. September, 1940.*

maker and miner. The miners' guild deserves special attention, particularly from those who are inclined to believe that this guild idea was and is an impractical one for the common laborer.

The guilds were cast in the mold of democracy; they came into being through the efforts of the workers struggling for the betterment of social conditions. No one was given absolute power in the organization. The administrators in the merchant guild, for instance, were one or two aldermen who were assisted by two or four wardens; and these in turn were aided by 12 to 24 council members. The set-up in the craft guild was similar. At its head were two or more deans assisted by a secretary, a treasurer, and six or more jurymen. The term of office was usually six months or a year. At the end of this time the officers had to give an account of themselves to the members.

The guilds were generally independent in their private affairs, but in public acts they were somewhat restricted. They had to submit their statutes and ordinances for examination to the town or state.

In the beginning, guild membership was voluntary. The craft guild, however, demanded that members be "masters" in their trade. The guilds later went to ruin when membership was obtained by inheritance or payment of a fee instead of through personal qualification.

No cleavage existed between master and apprentice, because they were so united by common interests that they seemed to form but one class. They did not act as natural enemies of each other as often seems to be the case today. Their common interests, as a rule, were either begotten or fostered by the Church.

The young man who desired to become a master went through a course similar to that offered by modern technical schools; in addition his school was an actual workshop of some master. This period of technical education was called the apprenticeship. It lasted three to ten years.

The apprentice promised to obey, cherish, protect and help his master; to keep his trade secrets; not to marry during his apprenticeship and, finally, to live a good and respectable life so that he would be a credit to his master. For his services the apprentice received free board, room, clothing and education. After the 14th century, the guilds often maintained free grammar schools. If a master wanted to keep an apprentice, he had to prove himself kindly, and morally fit. Since the guild tried to give everyone a fair share of the available help, it limited to three or four the number of apprentices per master.

The apprentice's success depended on his own talent and temperament. If he showed fitness in his chosen craft, he was permitted to continue his work by

becoming a "journeyman." To receive the diploma of a journeyman, the apprentice worked from two to six years. The journeyman usually went traveling from three to five years. During this time he perfected his skill and saw the standards of workmanship in other localities or countries.

After a man had finished his years as a journeyman he became an applicant for full master's membership in the guild. The applicant had to meet four requirements. First, to prove his professional skill. Second, the applicant had to show that he was of a good moral character. Third, he had to find sponsors. Finally, he had to have sufficient funds to pay for his customers' property in case of damage. A small entrance fee was required.

The guilds waged continual war against graft and rackets. Cases of swindlers who bought with a 17 and sold with a 15-ounce pound also occurred in those times. The guildsman had a more persuasive reminder than the police station to keep him on the right track. Religion served as an internal check to avaricious tendencies.

The guild guaranteed honest methods, charged a just price, and did not deceive the customer in quality or quantity. Fairness and honesty were maintained by the law, by the careful supervision of the masters and also by the consumers. The customer could easily watch his article being made, for many guilds had laws which made its

members work in public. This free and open show was the honest worker's advertisement. Advertising, as we know it today, was considered unfair competition.

New inventions were not accepted by the guild unless they could be afforded by practically all masters. This rule made it possible for the poor master to benefit by the invention as quickly as the rich, and thus economic stability was more easily maintained.

Since the guilds set the scale of wages and prices, they found it necessary to have standard qualities. They apparently believed that in a short time a fixed price would make a just price, conditioned only by the law of supply and demand. There were few if any individual monopolies in the craft guilds.

The guild and not the individual members bought raw materials. It would distribute them according to needs of guild members, but at the same time made sure that the master of a small shop had the same proportional advantage as his wealthier brother.

Under this system one could hardly hope to amass a fortune. Social conditions made excessive wealth vulgar and superfluous. Economic security was the social norm for all.

Five hundred years ago the guilds had the 40-hour week. Work on Sundays, holydays, great saints' days and at night was forbidden. The feast days

of saints numbered between 20 and 30. On the eves of some two dozen festivals, all work stopped at 4 P.M. On Saturdays it ended with Vespers, which occurred between 1 P.M. and 3 P.M. If not a Saturday, the eve of a feast or feast itself, the work lasted seven, eight or nine hours. If there was a dispute about the hours, or any other trouble the parties concerned referred it to the officers of the guild, who usually set up a just arbitration board.

Anyone caught neglecting his duty as a member or violating any of the laws received due punishment. The laws even took care of scandalmongers. Adulteration and the buying of raw materials outside the guild control seem to have been the most common offenses. Punishment for these offenses and for greater ones was ordinarily one of the following: confiscation of the offender's wares, fines, scolding, flogging, shearing of hair and beard, or eviction from the craft.

The greatest privileges of guild membership came from the social life it afforded. In social activities, economic problems were forgotten for the time. The guilds were organized for enjoying life here and hereafter, as well as for earning a livelihood.

Social activities were closely connected with religion. It may be said that religion was the greatest factor in the private and public life of the guild members. For the Christian guild, labor was a complement of prayer and

the necessary foundation of regulated life.

Each craft had its own patron saint. The saint chosen had some relation to the work of the particular guild. St. Joseph was the patron of the carpenters; St. Luke was often chosen by painters, gilders, and stainers. The patron was to be a model on earth and a protector in heaven.

The guild usually had a special chapel in honor of its patron. If a chapel was wanting, it had a huge votive candle continuously burning in the parish church. This candle led the procession to the church on the feast day of the patron saint.

As might be expected, one of the greatest feasts was the name day of the patron saint. After gathering at a guild hall or some other designated place, the members went in procession to the church. There Mass was said for all the members, both living and dead. After Mass all took part in a banquet in which the poor also shared. No one was to be absent on this festive day, and everyone understood that he was to bring his wife or sweetheart. Anyone who failed to comply with the custom on this day was fined.

The guild also took joy and pride in the drama. After the introduction of the mystery plays, the guilds obtained the privilege of giving these at various times throughout the year.

Mutual aid and relief of poverty was a salient feature of guild life. The

virtue of charity was not an ideal but a reality. The practice of this charity forbade all slander; helped in time of sickness, death and legal difficulties; provided for the unemployed, aged, poor, widows and orphans. If a member fell sick, he was not left to public charity; he was cared for by a member of his guild. If his guild included many towns, the sick man, wherever he might be, had only to give the password or to show his badge to receive this brotherly care. It was a custom in some guilds for members to take turns in caring for the sick at night, since the family had the burden during the day.

When a member died, the officers, at his funeral Mass, offered a small portion of the goods of the fraternity. Eight or 30 days after his death, every member gave a token to some poor person for the benefit of the deceased. With these tokens the dean or pastor bought bread for the poor who had received them. This bread was then distributed at the parish church of the deceased member.

The collapse of the guilds was due to both internal and external causes:

internally, a change in the mind and heart of man because of the lack or decadence of religion; externally, the industrial revolution.

The internal and external causes are well exemplified in England. Charity began to weaken. Masters sought riches and made their status very exclusive: the poor man no longer had the chance of becoming a master. Naturally, the common people lost interest in the guilds.

The system itself received its death blow when Henry VIII started the English "Reformation" by breaking away from the Church which had fostered the guilds. Many peasants who had been robbed of their land rushed to the cities. The slowly weakening craft guilds, which had never had direct power over the peasants as they did over the townspeople, could not cope with the sudden increase of population. Rich and greedy masters hired the unskilled peasants at starvation wages.

Probably never before, and certainly never since the era of the guilds, has mankind approached closer to perfect social and industrial democracy.

Beginnings...XVII...

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

First priest known by name: Father Thomas Digges, S.J., c. 1760.

First Mass: According to tradition, by Father Digges in the mansion of Notley Young in c. 1760.

First recorded Baptism: William James in Holy Trinity Church, Georgetown, Feb. 1, 1795.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

Democracies and the Birth Rate

By E. L. CHICANOT

Poison in our wells

Condensed from the *Annals of Good St. Anne de Beaupré**

The democracies today are suffering because of a lack of preparedness, because of a tardy awakening to the menace of the totalitarian countries. The evidence would seem to point to an insufficient concern over a subtle peril which will exist after the weapons of the field are laid aside. The democracies are disregarding the essential material of nationhood while the totalitarian countries are using it in their own insidious manner of building their economic and political edifices.

The terrible toll of human life in the war of 1914-18 has been increasingly felt among the democracies since the Armistice, and never more than today when a new generation is called to death. The present conflict is going to deplete further the man power of the democracies to an extent that cannot yet be gauged. Yet, prior to the outbreak of hostilities, a world authority on population was responsible for a very significant statement, the full truth of which comes home the more we ponder upon it: "By comparison with the figures with which it is concerned and the vast changes foreshadowed, even the major calamity of a modern war shrinks into a thing of small account. The deadliest weapons of attack can have but a trifling effect on racial

survival compared with that of family limitation."

Here lies the threat to the survival of the democracies. In France the birth rate is definitely on the decline, and over the last three years the number of deaths annually has exceeded the number of births by 14,000 a year. From 1947, according to expert authorities, the British nation will have a declining population, and by 1960 there will be only 20 to 25 million people in the British Isles. The population of the U. S., according to equally reliable experts, will reach a peak of 140 to 145 million about 1950, after which it will start to decline until about the year 2000 the total will have dropped to around 75 million. Switzerland, with the world's lowest birth rate, where the number of births per 1,000 women of child-bearing age has in 40 years fallen from 266 to 131, will, should this condition continue, become a "vanishing race" by 1945.

We might be able to face the prospect with a certain amount of equanimity if it meant a steady diminishing of all peoples the world over. But opposed to this decline among the democratic countries is a steady increase among countries whose ideologies they abhor.

Last year, births in Greater Ger-

St. Anne de Beaupré, Que., Canada. September, 1940.

many, excluding births among Slav and Jewish subject populations, was 1,640,000, or 300,000 higher than the figure for England and France combined. During the three years 1936-38, the number of provinces in Italy in which the birth rate is less than 15 per 1,000 was reduced from 12 to 5; those in which it was from 15 to 20 per 1,000, from 26 to 23; while those in which it was from 20 to 30 per 1,000 increased from 46 to 50, and those in which it was more than 30 per 1,000 increased from 10 to 16. The population of Russia in January, 1939, was 170,467,186, an increase in 12 years of 15.9%, while all other countries of Europe increased by only 8.7%.

Actuated purely by militaristic ambition, viewing man power purely as part of a destructive machine, the totalitarian countries have laid out their plans to raise the birth rate by every means. Germany has offered child welfare, marriage aids, social sanitation, tax exemption and bonuses to large families. Italy has introduced such measures as giving priority in government employment (and to a great extent in private employment) to married men and fathers of large families, granting marriage loans and dowry insurances to young workers, the taxation of bachelors and birth bonuses.

Recently there appeared in an American magazine the following quotation, which seems to epitomize the situation in many of the democratic countries:

"Which couple enjoys the more complete life, the childless pair who can sit down to a quiet uninterrupted meal, who can count on the luxury of privacy, the balm of solitude, who can find time to keep up to date on the things that feed the soul, or the harried parents whose fevered round of dishes, diapers and disorders allows them leisure neither for culture, hobbies nor company?"

Few would have expressed it as baldly, and most people would not agree entirely with his view, yet in a broad way the writer has diagnosed our ills. Many reasons are given for the decline in the birth rate, most of them economic, and while the disturbed social condition under which we are living, with its sense of insecurity, is undoubtedly to some extent to blame, the cause generally lies more deeply in a desire to maintain a high standard of material living, a selfish craving for luxury, comfort and ease. This is evident today in such phases of living as affect the national birth rate.

The modern apartment, which is certainly ill adapted to the raising of children, develops out of the demand today for a minimum of household tasks, to fit a living that is spent so extensively outside the home. When the young couple has to decide whether to have a baby or a car, the beginning of a family is too often postponed until later or altogether. A woman continues to work after her marriage, not always

because two cannot adequately get along on the husband's earnings, but because two salaries will buy so many more of the things found desirable, and the raising of a family is thereby precluded. Among those who have children the tendency is to limit their number while maintaining a definite standard of living. It is not without significance that 60% of the families with 5 or 6 children and 90% of those with 7, 8 or 9 under the age of 16, are in the lowest income groups.

It has been said the great fault of modern democracy is that it accepts economic wealth as the end of society and the standard of personal happiness, that it is directed to economic instead of spiritual ends. This is nowhere more clearly manifested than in the declining birth rate. The public has long neglected the warning of experts. Today it is necessary to realize and ponder it. In the long run a declining birth rate will prove more destructive to democracy than any wars which can be waged.



Penitence

France in defeat is showing greatness in a marked degree. Monsignor Saliege, archbishop of Toulouse, recently wrote to his priests:

"Let us say little, work hard, suffer in silence, sympathize and pray. Let us not say, 'Our cause is just.' Let us rather say, 'We shall work hard and God will help us.'"

"Did we really work and pray hard enough? Have we made up for 60 years of national apostasy; 60 years, when the French spirit succumbed to every disease of the mind; when the French will relaxed, morality dropped and anarchy rose to extraordinary proportions? May the Lord have mercy on us. For having excluded God from schools, public deliberations and the nation, Lord forgive us.

"For having despoiled religion and the Church, Lord forgive us.

"For having opened and multiplied places of sin, Lord forgive us.

"For having encouraged an unwholesome and depraved literature, Lord forgive us.

"For having supported the white-slave traffic and the sale of human flesh, Lord forgive us.

"For having desecrated the Sunday and forgotten the Commandments, Lord forgive us.

"For the abuse of women's and children's work, Lord forgive us.

"For the depraving promiscuity of our factories, offices and yards, Lord forgive us."

From the *Liguorian* (Sept. '40).

Shakespeare's Irish Friend

From the Land of Luthany

By CATHAL O'BYRNE

Condensed from the *Irish Rosary**

Shakespeare was as much a Kelt as if he had been born in Connemara, in Connacht, Ireland, instead of in Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwick, an English shire.

The Keltic name of the great Bard's birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon, means "the Street at the Ford of the River," and there is a Stratford-on-Slaney in the Irish county of Wexford.

Avon is the Keltic word for *river*, and it will be remembered that it was while sitting under a tree at the junction of the Avon-more, the Big River, and the Avon-beg, the Little River, at Avoca in County Wicklow, that Moore wrote his beautiful song, *The Meeting of the Waters*.

Writing some time ago to the press of Europe, Prof. Edward Stevers, of the University of Leipzig in Germany, gave it as his opinion "that two men besides Shakespeare, and one of them certainly an Irishman, had collaborated with the bard in writing *King Lear*." To those acquainted with the history of Keltic folklore and literature, and Keltic culture generally, the German professor's discovery will not come as a surprising one.

Shakespeare's boon companion and very intimate friend during many years of his literary life was an Irishman

from Dalkey, Dublin: John Dowland, poet, writer and musician, a rare literary and musical genius, and one who was admittedly the greatest lutanist of his time. He was also one of the earliest exponents of the madrigal, and before his death in 1626, at the age of 64, his compositions had become famous throughout Europe.

Dowland was born in Dalkey in 1562, going to England at the age of 16. Three years later he went to Paris as the page of Sir Henry Cobham. On his return to England he married and took his degree as Bachelor of Music at Oxford. Some years later he received the same degree at Cambridge, and in 1594 went to Italy to study under the great lutanist, Marenzio. After three years of Italian study he returned to Dublin and became a resident graduate of Trinity College. Later he was appointed lutanist to Christian IV of Denmark, and lived at the Danish court for 11 years, after which he returned to England and became lutanist to King Charles I.

The publication of John Dowland's first *Book of Aires* formed the foundation of the English school of lutanist-composers, a school which had no parallel in the world. He is ranked with the greatest song writers, one of the

**St. Saviour's, Dublin, C.16, Ireland. August, 1940.*

marvels of the Elizabethan age being his song, *O Care, Thou Wilt Dispatch Me*.

In a sonnet written to Shakespeare by Richard Barnfield during the bard's lifetime, and reprinted in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, this couplet occurs:

Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch

Upon the lute doth ravish human sense.

And Dr. Grattan Flood in his *History of Irish Music* states "that it is not at all unlikely that Shakespeare was indebted for many details of his *Hamlet* to his Irish friend, John Dowland, whose residence for years at the court of Denmark gave him peculiar advantages, more than could have been derived from books." This is more than probable, for Sidney Lee, the great Shakespearean scholar, says, "Shakespeare owed all his information with regard to the continent of Europe and Ireland to the verbal remarks of traveled friends, or to books, the contents of which he had a rare power of assimilating."

In the light of this statement it is interesting to note that in all of Shakespeare's plays there are mentioned by name 14 different tunes, and 11 out of the 14 are Irish tunes. One of them he even attempts to call by its Gaelic name. In *Henry the Fourth* he makes Pistol say to the French soldier, "Quality, quality, Callino custurame," which was as near as Shakespeare's phonetics could get to *Cailin oge a-stuire me*,

Colleen oge asthore me (young maiden, my treasure), an extremely beautiful old Irish melody of a very high "quality" indeed. It was printed and included in William Ballet's *Lute Book* in 1593, a copy of which is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. This old tune had an added interest for the reason that it was one of those Queen Elizabeth had copied down into what she called her *Virginal Book*.

Shakespeare, as the world knows, was a favorite at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, who, by the way, in her 69th year, danced the *Frog Galliard* of his Irish friend, John Dowland. This is a country dance of brisk movement, the name of which is derived from the Gaelic word *galach*, which means lively.

While it is true that Irish bards and minstrels in Ireland had no more relentless persecutor than the Virgin Queen, it is equally true that Irish music was held in great favor at her court during the latter years of her reign. The *Talbot Papers* contain an extract from a letter written by the Earl of Worcester in 1602: "We are frolic here in Court, much dancing in the Privy Chambers of Country Dances before the Queen's Majesty, who is exceedingly pleased therewith. Irish tunes are at this time most pleasing."

Although the enactments of Queen Elizabeth against the bards, minstrels and pipers were rigidly enforced in Ire-

land, she herself retained in her service an Irish uilleann piper called Donagh. The Irish uilleann pipes (Shakespeare called them *woollen*) are distinct from the war pipes. They came into vogue about the year 1760, and were called uilleann because they were played from the elbow, hence giving rise to the phrase, "More power to your elbow."

In pagan Ireland the Druids combined in themselves the learned professions. They were not only Druids, but judges, prophets, historians, poets and even physicians. It was believed they could pronounce a malign incantation, as Balaam was employed to do by Balak, not only on an individual, but on a whole army, so as to produce a withering effect on the men. There is no evidence to show that the Irish Druids held the souls of all men to be immortal, but in the case of a few individuals it is related that they lived on after death, some reappearing as other men, and some as animals of various kinds. Shakespeare in *Richard the Third* alludes to the Irish bards, one of whom told Richard, "that he would not live long after seeing Richmond"; and in *As You Like It* Rosalind says: "I never was so be-rhymed that I can remember since Pythagoras' time when I was an Irish rat," alluding to the belief of the pagan Irish in the transmigration of souls.

The Irish bards were said to be able to make satires that would raise on the faces of their enemies the "Three Blis-

ters of Disgrace," and many writers of Shakespeare's time allude to their power of being able to rhyme men as well as rats to death.

Again, in *As You Like It*, Rosalind says: "Pray you, no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon." Wolves had become extinct in England long before Shakespeare's time, but surviving in Ireland much later, Rosalind is obliged to instance the howling of Irish wolves as the best comparison she can find for the repeated avowals of Orlando and her other perplexed lovers. During the penal times in Elizabethan Ireland the same "reward" was given for the head of a priest as for the head of a wolf.

Soldiers of fortune were in London in Shakespeare's time, Irish as well as other nationalities, and from them he may have drawn his knowledge of Irish affairs. That he followed the story of the Irish wars is clear from the allusions in the second part of *Henry the Sixth*, act three, scene one, where he has written: "The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms, and temper clay with blood of Englishmen."

Writing of Shakespeare in connection with things Irish, it is right to emphasize the fact that there is nothing Irish about potatoes. The legend is that Sir Walter Raleigh, who was Mayor of Youghal in County Cork during the years of 1588-89, first brought them from Virginia and planted them in his Irish garden. Raleigh, however, was a

contemporary of Shakespeare, who in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, mentioned the plant: "Let the sky rain potatoes, let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves!"

In the historical play of *Macbeth* many Keltic proper names occur, Duncan, Donalbain (fair-haired Donal), Malcolm and others, as well as interesting allusions to Colm's Kill, on the world-famous Island of Iona, and Saint Colm's Inch, a small island in the Firth of Forth, where the ruins of a Columban monastery may still be seen. The very name of Malcolm (Maol-Colm) recalls a memory of St. Colm-Cille, as it simply signifies his servant or disciple.

The Prince of Denmark in *Hamlet* swears by St. Patrick, as does Pantagruel in *Rabelais*, and that the saint's name occurs in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is quite as it should be, seeing that northern Italy was a fertile ground of Irish missionary enterprise in those days.

Even the aspect of Shakespeare's Warwickshire is reminiscent of Ireland. Once, not long ago, on a day of sun, we went down from London by train to Coventry, and by motor bus through the wide-spreading English shires to Stratford.

The day was beautiful, the fields were all in their summer greenness, the air was heavy with the scent of honey-suckle and new-mown meadow hay. Primroses bloomed in great pale golden

swaths on the high, moss-grown banks of the wayside, and the tender green fronds of the ferns uncurled above flashing streams in every woodland dell. By romance-laden Kenilworth we went, with the great ruined tower of its old castle showing dark above its blossomed chestnut trees, its old walls made lovely by their lichens and mosses and all manner of wind-sown flowering grasses. A sweet smell of cattle, of reaped grasses and brown broken fields was on the wind, when at the turn of the road, in the clear, dreamlike distance, a tall slender church spire showed above the trees: Stratford.

Stratford-on-Avon is a brisk, clean, English country town, a little unpretentious place, that one feels would never have emerged from its chrysalis stage of villagedom had not John Shakespeare's son been born in its High Street.

The house in Henley Street, in which Shakespeare was born, looks, at first glance, surprisingly new, and, on the outside, at least, disappointingly spick and span. Inside, the passing centuries have left little trace, and the house is much as it was when the great poet was born and lived and died there.

The house is flush with the street, and under a penthouse awning we stepped across the threshold into what was once the family living room. It is low-ceiled, has a floor paved with broken flags, and a great recessed fireplace, where, we would love to think, Will,

the son of John Shakespeare, wool dealer, and Mary Arden, would bring his Irish friend, John Dowland, with his lute, down with him from London, and seated there by the inglenook, while the flying flame of the hearth danced on the lattice panes, the great musician would delight the family of his friend and the neighbors until bedtime.

An oaken staircase of ten steps leads up from the kitchen to the room in which Shakespeare was born. The room, long and low, faces High Street, and in the days of the poet's family was looked upon as the best apartment in the house. It also contains a fireplace, and a table on which is placed, against the wall, a bust of the bard. The walls and ceiling and window of the room are disfigured with countless thousands of names scrawled over every available inch of their space. This is a peculiarly English custom. The acme of its vulgarity was reached when Queen Victoria wrote her name across a priceless page of the illuminated *Book of Kells* in Trinity College Library, the most beautiful book in the world.

It was a beautiful evening when we went down through the streets of the town to the west where stands the Memorial Theater by the river's edge. As we crossed the old stone bridge, a great white swan sailed out from under the trailing willows, and went floating away among the brown shadows of

the arches, poised proudly between the heaven above and the heaven in the deep, still stream below.

In a corner of the reception room of the theater is placed Shakespeare's favorite armchair. It is a solid, wooden affair, with the Keltic initial of his name, a capital S, carved on its front panel. Were the interlacing slightly elaborated, this initial letter might have been copied from the world-famous *Book of Kells*, or any of the old Keltic illuminated manuscripts housed in the libraries of Dublin.

It was, as we have said, a lovely evening. The rooks were coming home to the tall elms in the graveyard beside the Avon water. The shadows were lengthening, and the smell of lavender and rosemary and double stocks was fresh on the wind, as we went through the long, leafy aisle and in under the low door of Holy Trinity Church, where, within the chancel rails, all that is mortal of the great immortal rests till the judgment day.

A sort of "parson-in-the-pulpit" monument is set high up in the chancel wall, and directly over the burial vault. The half-length figure (it is intended for Shakespeare) with its inane smirk and little, hard, leering eyes, is of some stall-fed, prosperous taverner, busked up in his holiday gear. It is never, nor ever, by any chance, could be, the Shakespeare of the sonnets, the comedies and the tragedies. But, what of it? He needs neither carved nor graven

stone, nor any blazonry. His works are monuments enough, and the laurels that are wreathed for his fame are deathless as the field flowers and the

roses of paradise, among which, let us pray, he walks under cool, green, dewy valleys, by rivers of light supernal and eternal.



Three Grades of Catholics

Grade A

1. Receives Holy Communion once a month or oftener.
2. Takes no part in gossip about priests, realizing that they are accountable to God and will some day be judged by Him.
3. Gets to Mass on Sundays promptly, and also attends evening devotions.
4. Sends children to the Catholic grade school and high school and cooperates with the Sisters or teachers in all that they do for the children.
5. Contributes according to means to church and pastor and school, and wonders how the parish continues on the small income it possesses.
6. Calls the priest in plenty of time when ill, so that confession can be made and the other sacraments received while still conscious.

Grade B

1. Receives Holy Communion a few times a year.
2. Criticizes the sermons, the methods, the personal mannerisms of priests, because they make interesting conversation.
3. Comes late to Sunday Mass more often than on time, and attends extra services rarely.
4. Sends children to the Catholic school, but is ready to take them out when there is the least sign of their being "mistreated."
5. Contributes moderately, but resents being reminded, complains frequently and loudly about money appeals, and makes sly remarks about the priest's nice home, automobile and vacation.
6. Waits until the last moment to call the priest when ill, and possibly loses consciousness before the priest arrives.

Grade C

1. Receives Holy Communion once a year.
2. Assails priests with bitter denunciations, blaming them for every evil in the Church.
3. Misses Mass occasionally for a fishing trip or extra sleep, and is never seen at any devotions.
4. Refuses to send children to Catholic school because 1) it costs too much; 2) Catholic schools cannot compare with public schools.
5. Contributes rarely and little to the church, calls the priest a money-grabber and wants to know why all the money collected (5 or 10 cents a week from him) is not given to the poor.
6. Dies without a priest and without the sacraments, leaving it to relatives to arrange a gorgeous funeral.

City of Mary

By T. E. BIRD

Condensed from the *Clergy Review**

Not so great was Diana

Although it is disputed whether our Lady died at Jerusalem or Ephesus, we can at least say (from a passage in a letter of the Fathers assembled at the Council of Ephesus, A. D. 431) that she lived at Ephesus for some time with St. John. There were about 330,000 people in the city when our Lady arrived there; of them only a handful were Christians. St. Paul had first preached the faith in this city, but had been forced to leave after the riot caused by the silversmiths' trade union. Ephesus gloried in the worship of the great Artemis (Diana), the ugly goddess of reproduction, whose shrine was then one of the wonders (the abominations) of the world. This worship lent itself to the most revolting excesses of immorality. All the sins against the 6th and 9th Commandments were being committed there. Countless priests, priestesses, temple servants, and slaves of both sexes administered to this impious cult. Bacchanalian orgies were held with fierce revelry. Dissolute visitors from all parts of the Roman Empire flocked to this cosmopolitan city to indulge in iniquity.

Into such a city (with no parallel, thank God, today) came the ever-blessed Virgin. What happened? A generation later St. Ignatius could

write with profound admiration of the Christians there, "You all live according to the truth, and no heresy has a home among you." Later still (431), when there was not a vestige of the cult of Artemis remaining in that same city of Ephesus, a great council was held in which it was defined as an article of Catholic faith that Mary is "the Mother of God." Picture the city on a June day in 431. Pilgrims are flocking from all parts, not to the temple of Artemis, but to the Catholic Cathedral of St. Mary. At nightfall its great doors are flung open, and cheer upon cheer greets the proclamation of the divine maternity of the blessed Virgin. Crowds of men, women and children, rich and poor, nobles and workmen, escort the bishops to their lodgings in a long procession with lighted torches. The whole city is illuminated, and the rejoicing is kept up for many days. Sermons are delivered in the cathedral to enthusiastic congregations. Instead of, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" the city resounds with the cry, "Great is Mary, the Mother of God!"

Such was the change at Ephesus, from grossest immorality to high spirituality through the presence of our blessed Lady. She can do the same today.

*43-45 Newgate St., London, E. C. 1, England. April, 1938.

Guam and Its People

By CUTHBERT GUMBINGER, O.F.M. Cap.

And the land is happy

Condensed from the *Cowl**

Anyone looking for Utopia might find it on the Island of Guam. A perfect jewel in the Pacific, it lies sleepily in the lap of the tropic zone. It is a land of perpetual summer, covered with palms and exotic fruits, like a schoolboy's dream of a "never-never land." People who have lived there speak of it as "a piece of heaven," "a garden of God" and "a foretaste of eternal bliss."

Guam is an island about 29 miles long and from four to nine miles wide. It is the largest of the Mariana Islands; the other islands of this group belong to Japan. Guam belongs to the U. S. It is on the dividing line between the N. E. trade winds and the monsoons of the China Sea. On this account the temperature varies only between 78 and 84 degrees Fahrenheit. Some volcanoes are active at times in the north, but in the south the volcanoes had ceased activity long before Guam was discovered. The northern part is mostly a vast plateau. The mountains, especially in the south, offer glorious views of ocean and land. Seen from the cool recesses of palm-covered gardens, alive with vividly colored flowers, and laden with perfume, the ocean thrills one with its power and charms with its music.

The rosy hue of dawn spreads a delicate tint of red on the foamy sea. Soon the majestic sun arises in triumph from his watery bed and the whole world is set ablaze with heavenly colors.

The mountains are generally not more than 1,000 feet high and perhaps all are of volcanic origin. Some unpleasant features of the place are the hurricanes which may come at any time, but especially in October and November. At times entire villages are ruined by them. Then there are heavy rain squalls in July and August which can be equally devastating.

In the forests of Guam there are many trees, epiphytal ferns, lianas and a few undershrubs. The principal trees are wild breadfruit, coconut, banana, Indian almond, jack-in-a-box and giant banyan. Maize and corn abound everywhere and these are the chief care of the farmers. There are also *Bikkia* trees and fine hardwood trees called *Chopag* by the natives. The missionaries in former centuries introduced plants and flowers from Europe and Mexico, such as lemon, lime and orange trees, as well as tobacco, pineapple, cashew nuts, peanuts, eggplants, tomatoes, and other vegetables and garden herbs. Jesuits introduced medicinal plants from Mexico, especially *cassa*

*110 Shonnard Pl., Yonkers, N. Y. September, 1940.

alata, called *Acapulco* from the place of its origin in Mexico, and *kamalchlis*.

The flowers of Guam, as one would expect in such a glorious place, are many and beautiful. From the heat and rain the flowers bloom large and luscious, and their fragrance fills the air. The odor of flowers there is at times as heavy as that of spiced food, or of incense and thyme, with lilacs and boxwood. Some of the most beautiful flowers are the panax and the purple eranthemum, while the most fragrant are the milleguas, Egyptian henna, and the ilang-ilang tree.

The natives use the fruit of the *Barringtonia* tree to stupefy fish. This fruit is pounded into a paste, enclosed in a bag, and kept over night. At low tide, bags of the pounded fruit are taken out to the reef and sunk in deep holes. Soon the fish come to the surface in a stupor, some lifeless and others vainly trying to swim. The natives scoop them up and even dive for them.

The shapes and colors of the fish are fantastic and wonderful. There are bright snakelike sea eels, terrible lizard-fish, gar-like houndfish with sharp jaws, long-snouted trumpet fish, porcupine fish with sharp spines; brightly colored squirrel fish, rose, scarlet, yellow, blue, and silver. The sun and water dancing on the squirming fish bring forth all the colors of the rainbow. The parrot fishes have deep intense colors, green, blue and pink hidden under fainter colors. There are

also trunkfish, toadfish and a large black fish with a great spur on its forehead. The mangrove swamps have many little fish with protruding eyes. These jump about from water to mud; and their air bladder has assumed the function of lungs so that they can breathe air.

The people resemble the Tagologs and the Visayans of the Philippine Islands in appearance, language and customs. In general they belong to the Pacific groups of people. They are handsome and well built, quite dark and very strong; intelligent and care-free, fond of dancing, singing and storytelling. But they are industrious, love to till their fields and gardens and keep all in good order. Almost every family grows tobacco; foreign tobacco is smoked only when their own gives out. They are kind and generous even to strangers and have a good sense of humor not often found among Pacific people.

Their language has some affinity to Malayan and to other languages found in the isles of the Pacific. This is true especially of certain common words which signify sky, fowl, sea, land, etc. But in grammatical forms the language of Guam resembles the Polynesian languages. Tenses are expressed by reduplication of syllables, and the insertion of particles to the roots of the verb. It is a musical language and lacks heavy guttural and other harsh sounds. When first heard, it reminds

one of Hawaiian. There are many vowels and these are repeated in the words. The chiefs used to be called Chamorris and this word is now used for all the people of Guam. Many Spanish and English words are used by the natives.

In the reign of King Philip IV of Spain, Jesuits began to evangelize Guam. Padre Diego Luis Sanvitores, S.J., arrived there March 3, 1668. He writes of the caste distinctions among the natives, also of their terrible sorcery, devil worship and veneration for the bones (especially skulls) of the dead. After some years of work alone with the natives, Padre Sanvitores was killed by a native for baptizing a child, in 1672. Thus Guam had its first martyr. Queen Maria Anna of Austria, the widow of Philip IV, took great interest in Guam. She founded a college for the people there and settled 3,000 pesos on it in perpetuity. It is in her honor that those islands were called the Mariana Islands. The Augustinians succeeded the Jesuits as pastors of Guam in 1769. The entire island became Catholic. The Augustinians gave the island to the Capuchins in 1911. The Spanish Capuchins have been helping the American Capuchins

in the last few years. Last year the Province of St. Joseph of the Capuchin Order in the U. S. received charge of the island and six Fathers of the province are now working among the natives there.

During the week many people live on their ranches in the country. On Saturday night great caravans of carts drawn by carabaoes come into Agana and other towns for early Sunday Mass.

The Chamorris are kind and generous, a happy people untouched by industrialism or greed. No man makes a living by a mere trade. He may be a carpenter or shoemaker but is such on the side. Taking care of the maize and rice fields and gardens is the main occupation of every Chamoro. The various families help one another in this work. The men and young men go from field to field and plant and weed, singing and joking. If the father of a family dies, leaving young children, the widow's farm will be well cared for by the neighbors. An old childless couple will have a farm as neat and fine as the best. None are destitute in Guam: there are no old people's homes, no relief work. All help one another in true Christian charity and the land is happy.



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Dudley, Owen Francis. *The Tremaynes and the Masterful Monk*. New York: Longmans. 333 pp. \$2.50.

This sixth novel of the *Masterful Monk* series is the fascinating story of Father Thornton who brings a brutal man back to a moral life.

Allers, Rudolf. *Character Education in Adolescence*. New York: Wagner. 138 pp. \$1.

A practical character-education guide for parents and teachers.

de la Chevanerie, R.P., S.J. *No Other Way*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 287 pp. \$2.25.

Points out that there is no other way to gain the love of God except to return to "the simplicity, humility and candor of the child."

Undset, Sigrid. *Madame Dorthea*. New York: Knopf. 351 pp. \$2.50.

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Graham, Dom Aelred. *The Love of God*. New York: Longmans. 252 pp. \$2.50.

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Ryan, John A. *Catholic Principles of Politics*. New York: Macmillan. \$3.50.

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Dempsey, Martin. *John Baptist de la Salle*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 272 pp. \$3.

An excellent biographical study of the Father of Modern Pedagogy and the founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Considine, John Joseph. *When the Sorghum Was High*. New York: Longmans. 180 pp. \$2.

A narrative biography of Father Gerard A. Donovan, American Maryknoll missionary who was the first martyr of his Order.

Jacobs, Joseph. *The Constitution of the Church*. Boston: Meador. 244 pp. \$2.

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